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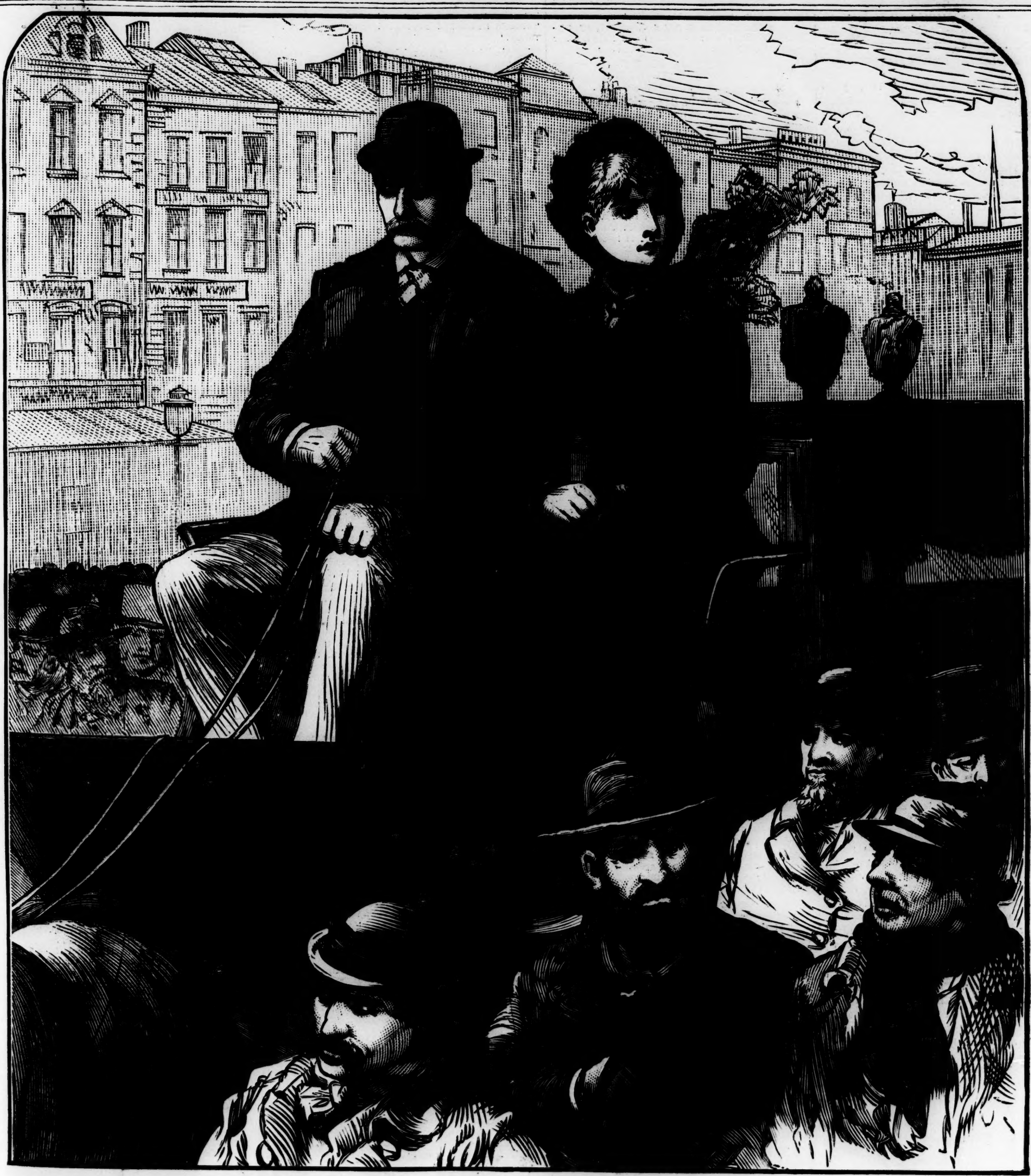
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1886.

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SHE SAT ON THE HEARSE.

MRS. AGNES KLEDZIECK, SISTER OF FRANK MULKOWSKI, RECENTLY EXECUTED AT CHICAGO, RIDES WITH HIS REMAINS TO THE CEMETERY.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1886.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

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THE SULLIVAN-SMITH MATCH.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent person who reads the two-column article printed elsewhere, relating to the protocols of the contemplated international match between Jem Smith, champion of England, and John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, that at least one of the principals is very much in earnest and means business in every sense of that expression. Of course, at this distance, it is not easy to decide what Smith's real views and purposes are. Whether he seriously and honestly contemplates a professional engagement with the unconquerable gladiator, whose prowess and skill have once more put America at the head of the athletic column and vindicated her right once more to be hailed as the mistress of the world in every department of human energy and skill.

But whatever uncertainty and doubt may attach to the proclamations of the English champion, there is nothing but the true ring in the utterances of John L. Sullivan. Nobody reading the gallant and straightforward terms in which he meets more than half way the advances of the Englishman, can fail to be struck by their sincerity and directness. Nor can even the most envious critic of the greatest pugilist of the world ever saw deny that he is even moderate in the demands which he makes, through Richard K. Fox, of the British champion.

His stipulation that the contest shall take place on American soil is justified by every possible consideration of equity and common sense. For, in the first place, as Smith must at once be informed if he doesn't know it already, John L. Sullivan has won in open battle the championship not only of America but of the whole world. To that championship, the championship of England is now a minor and subordinate honor. How absurd to expect the winner and holder of the greater and superior title to go abroad to quell the aspirations and ambition of one whose position is not only inferior in itself but even questioned by his own countrymen!

It is the championship of the world for which battle is to be waged, and that championship, by force of arms, belongs here, has to be sought here and must be contested for here.

In the second place, as Richard K. Fox pointedly observes, there is no such thing possible as a guarantee of fair play for an American pugilist in Great Britain. It is true, of course, that there are numbers of honest, upright, square dealing English sporting men who, as in this country, would be only too glad to see the event decided on its merits. But these, unhappily, are in the minority. The predominant element at the ring-side, over there, is made up of the scum of the universe, desperate and unscrupulous ruffians who would not stop short at any crime to prevent the loss of their bets in a fair and square battle. It was these scoundrels who broke up the fight at Farnborough and hounded Heenan in his later engagement with Tom King. Even when it was Englishman against Englishman, as in the recent contest between Smith and Greenfield, the same brutal and rascally conduct brought the fight to an untimely and vexatious conclusion.

No, John L. Sullivan's demand that the contest shall take place on American soil is justified by every possible consideration. The aspirant who is eager to wrest his title from him must come here to do it, where, as proved in every contest that has ever taken place under the auspices of the POLICE GAZETTE, fair play is a stern, inexorable law, and where, no matter how distasteful or how ruinous such a result may be to a speculative majority, the best man invariably wins.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Again it is asserted that Salvini's real name is Tommy Sullivan.

Bertie Conway, playing "Ned" in "The World," is the thirteen-year-old daughter of Lizzie Conway.

Lizzie May Ulmer is making a great "go" of Dad's Girl in New York, and E. J. Swartz is correspondingly happy.

The sister of the late and only Leon has been admitted into Bellevue Hospital, New York, a sick and destitute pauper.

Miss Mills, the big-footed girl, has entered Chicago and sunk at once into common-place. It was carrying coals to Newcastle.

Dan Rice writes us from San Antonio, Tex., that theatrical people are starving in Texas, and that the "woods are full of them."

Murray and Murphy are now under the management of J. M. Hill, and are meeting with enthusiastic receptions everywhere.

It is now reported for a fact that the Jersey Lily is shortly to marry Freddie Gebhardt, and will come to this country to reside.

It is reported that W. C. Crosbie, manager of the Memphis Museum, has absconded, leaving a wife and numerous creditors to mourn.

Alice Oates has a way of starting applause by standing in the wings and clapping her hands. Alice is slick in more ways than one.

"Erna, the Elf," Mr. C. T. Dazey's new play, was very successfully produced in St. Louis by Miss Katie Putnam, for whom it was written.

Miss Pauline Hall will spend the summer abroad, but will return in time for the opening of the Casino, where she is re-engaged for the season.

Frank McKee, late business manager of Hoyt's "Tin Soldier" company, succeeds J. B. Cooke as agent of Polk's "Mixed Pickles" combination.

Can any one tell why W. A. McConnell was dismissed from the management of the Alta Norman company? They say for cause. What cause?

Bad luck and non-success in her new play are the principal causes of Janaschek's physical prostration. She is growing old and is forced to admit it.

The report that Lydia Thompson had introduced a great deal of the "Adonis" business in "Oxygen" is denied. There is nothing whatever of the sort done.

Messrs. Nick Roberts and Frank A. Gardner are shortly to put on the road a circus, with a portable ring of matting specially adapted for theatres and rinks.

Billy Baxter has composed a new and pretty little ballad that is much admired, and is being sung with success by Barlow and Wilson's Minstrels. It is a "taker."

The new play adapted from the French by Mr. Clinton Stuart, and shortly to be produced at the Madison Square theatre, will probably be called "The Road to Office."

A. W. Pinero's new comedy, "The School Mistress," was successfully produced at the Court theatre, London, recently, with Mrs. John Wood in the leading role.

Sol Smith Russell closes his season on May 8. He has a new play for next season, written for him by Mr. C. Wallace Walters, of Philadelphia, and entitled "Pa."

Mr. John W. Jennings is to take out a company to play "Confusion," beginning at the Philadelphia Arch on Monday week. He will appear as Christopher Blizzard.

What will the New York girls do when they retire their idol, "Dixey," from the New York stage? The dear little "Wenuses" must have their "Adonis," doncher know?

Frank James, the Missouri ex-bandit, is said to have declined an offer of \$25,000 per year made by the management of a circus. He probably considers himself an entire circus.

Clay Greene's new drama, "The Golden Giant," and a spectacular revival of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," are shortly to be given at the California theatre, San Francisco.

Colonel Allston Brown, of the firm of Messrs. Simmons & Brown, dramatic agents in New York, will have the direction of the tour of Mile. Almee for the season of 1886-7.

Frank Torrence, called "the lightning" advance agent, goes out in advance of the Redmond-Barry Company. They need a lightning advance man with this midnight affair.

Hallen and Hart's Ideal specialty company which has been playing to crowded houses at the Howard the past week, will this week appear at the Theatre Comique in Providence.

Messrs. Berger and Price are looking as happy as Rockaway clams over their very successful season at their handsome house, the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Brooklyn, E. D.

Hoyt's "Tin Soldier" company will close its regular season on April 17; but will open a supplementary season at the New York Standard on May 3, when Miss Marion Elmore will join it.

The crase among wealthy ladies to go on the stage is still on the increase. Mrs. Alfred Abbey, a leader in fashionable society in Oakland, Cal., is soon to make her debut as a concert singer.

"The Giddy Gusher" is Mrs. Steve Fiske, and sister of Matt Hewins, of Hartford, Conn., once the champion billiardist of the "Nutmeg State." What she writes is always juicy and interesting.

Sarah Bernhardt has sprained her foot in practicing a new kind of fall. The time will come, we imagine, when actresses will have to employ professional acrobats to do their falling for them.

W. S. Daboll, of the Salisbury Troubadours, and Miss Jennie Weatherby, who was the fairy in "Hobbes," have been engaged for the next opera to be presented at the New York Casino.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Conway, sketch artist, have engaged passage for England on the

steamer America, which sails May 12. They will probably make their debut in England at Liverpool.

Miss Flora May Henry, the Indiana actress, is reported to have recently married in New York Lieut. Frank Tobbin, of the United States Navy. This is bad news for some of the Hoosier boys.

E. H. Dunbar and Fred E. Marder have just finished a Knights of Labor play entitled "The Laboring Man." Actors will not play in it, but real laboring men, who earn their bread, will knock out what there is in it.

A New York critic stated that one of the chorus girls wore a costume weighing four ounces. She wrote him a note stating that he ought to be ashamed of himself to exaggerate so. Now he says he is sorry that he said it weighed so much.

The widow of the celebrated bass singer, the late George Conly, was instrumental in bringing Maning, the "king of sneak thieves," to justice in New York last week. He had taken a room in her house and she quietly notified the police.

Mary Anderson was presented with a sweet little turtle dove while in Omaha, and the next day it disappeared. It could not be found, but some one has been mean enough to hint that Papa Griffin had dove on toast for supper just about that time.

Mapleson is on the rocks in San Francisco, the receipts not being equal to the expenses, and salaries behindhand. Sig. De Anna publishes a card to the effect that he has thrown up his engagement, "wherein he has had too much glory and not enough salary."

Lydia Thompson and her daughter, Miss Zeffe Tillbury, who is of Mary Anderson's company, will probably return to England together at the close of the season. The former has not yet made up her mind as to whether or not she will play in this country next season.

Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel has renewed her former success in "Old Love Letters," at the Madison Square theatre, New York. Mr. Howard's charming little comedy will be acted at the Park in May, together with Gilbert's "Broken Hearts," which is now running at the Madison Square.

It is understood that Mr. Fred Vokes will return to America next season with his sister Rosina. The principal members of her present company will also return, and she will present other bright people, intending to present an extensive repertoire of plays, both comedy and light domestic drama.

Miss Rhea finishes her season June 20, and will immediately sail for Europe. Next season will probably be her last in America; during the winter she will play a month in New York, producing a wide range of plays. Miss Rhea is booked to play Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Messrs. Harry Brown, A. W. Tams, Sydney Smith, Richard Oakley and James Maas, Misses Dora Wiley, Jennie Brett, Ethel Raymond and others, are members of Mr. S. W. Fort's new burlesque company, which will open at the Halliday, in Baltimore, on May 5, in "Ixion." "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and other burlesques.

Mr. George Clarke's play, "A Strange Disappearance," will receive its first representation at the People's Theatre, New York, on May 24. The cast will include Misses Jennie Yeamans, Henrietta Crossman, Ada Boshell and May Roberts, Messrs. George Clarke, John Hart, J. W. Grath, Sedley Brown, William Blande and others.

Mr. Edward Harrigan's engagement at the Boston Museum begins on June 14 and is for three weeks. He will bring his entire company, with Mr. Dave Braham and his orchestra and all the scenery for the plays to be produced. The New England dates following the Boston season have been cancelled, and the company will return to New York about July 4.

"Evangeline" will be taken from the stage of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, after its 232d performance on May 1. It will be presented a week in Brooklyn, a fortnight in Philadelphia, and then be put up for a run in Chicago. It is very likely that Mr. Rice may revive "Conrad the Corsair" to follow "Evangeline" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Harry Siddons, an English actor, has gone home to die. The poor fellow is suffering with cancer of the tongue and was told by his physician that he had but a short time to live. He has two motherless children in London and was anxious to go to them. The Actors' Fund furnished passage money, while at the different theatres contributions were made up and handed to the sufferer.

Mrs. Thurber, who is backing the American Opera Company, is credited with having sunk already \$100,000 in the operation. Her husband will have to put considerable sand in his sugar to make up for this. Nevertheless, she is a plucky woman. She employs four secretaries and works from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and says she feels healthier, if a little more tired, than she ever did in her life before.

The London "Figaro" says that the real name of Mr. Walter Speakman, who came to this country last fall to act Sir Mervyn Ferrand in "Dark Days" and died here recently, was Tension. He was trained as an analytical chemist, but abandoned science for the stage in 1864. He was for a long time connected with the Princess's theatre, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and was the original Seth Preenie in "The Lights of London," Joe Heckert in "The Romany Rye," Baxter in "The Silver King" and Agass in "Claudian."

Relating certain Parisian incidents in the line of cheap French amusements, a writer in the Chicago News Letter says: "It was on the first floor of a house in the Rue de la Lune, where at present is the gallette shop, opposite the Porte St. Denis. One evening, just as the prima donna was commencing a particularly sentimental ditty of that period, La Vierge de Sorrente, her strains—and strains they were—were interrupted by the cries of a baby. As a matter of course, there was an uproar, and cries of 'Turn it out, turn it out.' A giant, bearded like the pard, who was holding the infant in his arms, and who tried in vain to quiet it, stood up to expostulate. But the prima donna left him no time. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' she said, interrupting her song, 'I had better tell you, that baby is mine. If I do not give it its supper, it will continue to cry.' Stepping down from the platform, she took the child in her arms, then, while it was enjoying its meal, she came back, made a sign to the pianist and resumed her song as if nothing had happened."

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

A Virtuous Spasm.

The recent raid on the dance houses and concert halls of Philadelphia is illustrated on another page.

The Labor Riots.

We publish this week an excellent illustration of the riots which have occurred recently on the Gould system of Southwestern railroads.

He Had no Show.

Al Marx, the cowboy pugilist, was rather badly thrashed by a professional adversary in the office of a western sporting journal. We illustrate the scene.

A Fearful Death.

On another page will be found a faithful and thrilling picture of the agonizing death-bed of George Neal, the keeper of the Newark dog-pound, who died recently of hydrophobia.

A Full Kit.

Elsewhere we publish the photograph of a lot of burglars tools captured by Officer Payne, of the Montgomery, Ala., police force. There were twenty three pieces in the kit as follows: A radial drill with five chilled steel bits or drills, a screw driver, a flask well filled with fine powder, a dark lantern or "bull's eye," an oil can, a powder funnel, a roll of tuse, a steel hammer, a working shirt and several other articles generally included in a burglar's paraphernalia. The tools were all of the finest quality and comparatively new. In short it is an outfit of which any burglar might be justly proud.

A Brave Girl.

A young woman was walking in Leavenworth, Kan., recently with two little girls and a washtub—carrying the tub, of course—and a suppose-to-be mad dog attacked the little girls. Did the young woman climb the nearest fence or balcony and leave her little companions to their fate? Not at all. A look of determination came in her beautiful eyes—such a look as Arnold Winkelried's optics had when he rushed upon the Austrian spears—and she corralled the infuriated beast with the washtub, then seated herself upon it and commenced to sing "Hold the Fort." How the dog was finally disposed of is not stated, but probably the policeman shot him full of holes and ruined the tub. The girl should have a testimonial.

Dixey Knocked Out.

Theatrical loungers and rounders are laughing over an adventure of Henry E. Dixey, the intensely idolized hero of "Adonis." One of his chief doings in the burlesque is an elaborate imitation of Henry Irving, whose gait and speech are travestied in a scene where in "Adonis" assumes the character of a milkman. In this scene he appears carrying a milk can, which he fills at a pump. After a performance the actor spent several hours convivially with friends, and about daybreak the party were in upper Broadway. They came to a milk wagon, from which the driver was temporarily absent. Dixey took out a can and began to enact the Irving-milkman passage from "Adonis." In the midst of the impromptu performance the driver came back. He saw no fun in the joke, and he expressed his criticism vigorously. The actor retorted saucily. Then the driver proved himself an able slugger and Dixey was knocked out.

To Cure a Girl of Wandering.

It was reported three weeks ago in Plainfield that Rebecca Richards, a girl of fifteen years, had been assaulted in the vicinity of her father's house by two strangers who waylaid her in a lonely part of the road. She said they were young and rather well-dressed men, and that one of them knocked her down and the other choked her. She then became unconscious, and did not know what happened until she recovered in her father's house. A search was made for the culprits without success, and the matter was a profound mystery until the other day, when it leaked out that the assault was a device arranged by her father and uncle to cure her of wandering around after dark.

It is said they preceded her down the road in disguise and waited for her in the woods, from which they sprang upon her as she was passing. They dragged her into the woods, it is said, and there they found that she had become unconscious with fright. They then carried her home, but she has been in a dazed state of mind almost constantly ever since. She jumps and screams with fright at every unusual noise, and it is deemed doubtful that she will ever recover her former health. Her father and uncle are said to be very much depressed and heartily ashamed of their attempt to correct her wayward habits.

A Female Slugger.

The famous-in-police-circles Carrie Duncan, alias Carrie McBride, of Louisville, Ky., was, after much trouble, locked up the other afternoon for the one hundredth time. She was found drunk and decidedly disorderly by Officers Kammerer and Givens, on Lafayette street. The officers put the woman under arrest and took her to the police shanty at Green and Floyd, for the purpose of summoning the patrol wagon. Before her arrival at the shanty she resisted arrest. Carrie is a slugger of no mean ability, and, with the most graceful motion imaginable, landed her plump fist square on the end of Officer Givens' nose. The force was such that the officer was knocked out and fell to the ground. She then wrenched herself loose from Officer Kammerer, but before she could get a square lick at him he had her down and was sitting astride her with his knees on her arms. Officer Givens had by this time come to the scratch and was able without much difficulty to gather strength enough to telephone for the wagon, telling Col. Sinkhorn to send an extra man with the wagon, as they had a desperate case. John Spanner took the wagon out by himself and picked up Officer O'Brien at the corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets. When the wagon arrived upon the scene, the two officers had the woman on the ground, and one was minding her arms while the other was holding down her feet. With the re-enforcements came recklessness as to danger upon the officers' part, and the woman was liberated. She immediately went in for the brass buttons and made things exceedingly lively before she was handcuffed. Casualties—Officer Kammerer, a sprained wrist and a twisted neck; Officer Givens, a flattened nose and numerous other injuries; Officer O'Brien, his left optic in mourning and his back dislocated. Carrie Duncan-McBride lives on Jackson street alley between Clay and Hancock streets.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and
Woman's Worse than
Weakness.

GRIST FROM THE DEVIL'S MILL.



Mrs. Al Smith, who, a few weeks ago, left her husband rather suddenly to join another gentleman in Philadelphia, has returned to her lord and master's home at Shenandoah, Pa. She was received by the forgiving husband with open arms. Her return has caused another outbreak of wicked gossip among the scandal-loving people of that section.

A Lothario's Baggage.

A few days since an item appeared in one of the Louisville dailies announcing the approaching nuptials of Mr. Edward Meyers, a most prominent German citizen, to a young lady of wealthy parents and well known for her beauty and numerous accomplishments. The couple received the congratulations of their many friends on what promised to be the beginning of a long and happy married life. The other morning a young lady walked into County Judge Kinkadee's office with a baby in her arms, and proceeded to tell that official of her misfortune, which she laid at the door of the man who was preparing to wed another. She was furnished with a bastardy warrant, which was immediately placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Wilkerson, and a short time afterward Meyers was in the clutches of the law. When brought before the girl and made to realize the enormity of the charge he begged for quarters, and proposed they compromise the matter by getting married. The girl finally agreed, and to keep the matter from becoming public they decided to leave for Cincinnati and have the knot tied in that city. Meyers settled all the charges in the case and then, in company with his prospective bride and the babe, left on the afternoon train, and by this time the pair are probably married. The girl in the case, Josephine Walters, is a daughter of a wealthy gardener living near Louisville, and until this blight upon her character has always been con-



A baby in her arms.



It broke him all up.

sidered above reproach. While visiting friends in Cincinnati she first met Meyers, and it was in that city she was led astray. The child that created all the mischief is about two months old, and although the mother since its birth has been at her home near Louisville, the denouement of her sad downfall was postponed.

A Woman's Wiles.

The end has come. The other morning the final decree of divorce recommended by Referee John W. Sanderson and approved by the Court was filed in the Kings County Court House, and Frederick W. Rusk and Clara D. Rusk are parted. And thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. Frederick Rusk was a civil superintendent in the Brooklyn Navy Yard in the year 1882. In addition, he was very lonely and keenly alive to the fact



Billing and cooing.

that there was an aching void in his heart which good domestic polity demanded should be filled.

Mr. Rusk became a society man, and was soon lost in that endless round of parties which Brooklyn offers to the votary of pleasure. Still the void grew larger, and the ache took on proportions which defied the soothing influences of patent medicines.

Mr. Rusk was in despair. He did not know that the darkest hour is the one preceding dawn, and on the first day of April he asked himself, "Is life worth living?" On the second day of April Mr. Rusk answered the question in the affirmative. He had met his female fate.

She was tall and exceedingly fair to look upon, while the brilliancy of her conversation partook somewhat of a pyrotechnic character. She came from Fresh Pond, L. I., she saw and she instantly conquered Frederick W. Rusk, and the sum total of his beatitude during the subsequent days of sweet amorous dalliance defies the descriptive pen. Billing and cooing were kept up methodically until the 23rd of April, when hymen's simple ceremony amalgamated hearts which had previously been beating in unison. At the wedding feast that followed Mr. Rusk danced around as blithely as some young Alcides in an Omphale's thrall.

"Where are Miss Conklin's relatives?" inquired a mutual friend.

"She hasn't any, my dear fellow. She was made especially for me. I call her 'Clara, the God-given.'"

The ice cream had all melted, and only the most untractable hazel nuts were still in the dishes when, like a band of Dingoes, the guests left the happy house.



Discussing their rolls and coffee.

and an adjacent dime museum band, in the most spontaneous manner possible, started the first strains of the ophthalamium.

"Hurry," remarked the first guest.

"Queer" mused the second guest, and everybody set to thinking about Miss Clara's antecedents, as they were as sceptical as to heaven as Mr. Ingersoll is of hell.

On the 1st of May Mr. Rusk removed his fig tree to East New York. He adored rustic life and made it a point to feed all the live stock, which consisted of two cats and a dog, before he himself breakfasted. A year passed in this delightful seclusion, and one fine May morning found Mr. and Mrs. Rusk discussing their coffee and rolls in the most amicable manner. Suddenly a demoniacal idea came into Mr. Rusk's head. He dearly loved a joke and did not much mind if it was a little broad. In fact, he rather liked it on that account.

"Now, Mrs. Rusk, a truce to common-places; who was my predecessor?"

The fair dame had been toying with the embroidered furbelows of her French-muslin morning gown. Her peach bloom complexion glittered and her soft, silky hair sparkled in the sunlight like a basket of chips. The merry jest of Mr. Rusk disturbed all this and her peach bloom complexion looked like yellow taffy.

"The villain! the black livered villain! So he has told you. But I have got the bulge on him, ha-ha! I have my decree!" Then Mrs. Rusk fainted, and Mr. Rusk lit his briarwood pipe and went to business.

"Well, lovey, let's see the decree," remarked Mr. Rusk, as he returned from business. But Mrs. Rusk refused, obdurately refused, and repeated and accentuated her refusal every day for six months. Under the strain to which his nervous system was subjected during these days Mr. Rusk's health suffered much, and it was only natural, as he said to Mrs. Rusk, that he should pine for a change of air and scenery. He went to Fresh Pond, L. I., and the first person he met was Benjamin Conklin, the husband of his wife!

At first Mr. Rusk, in his loyalty to the absent, refused to believe the horrible disclosures regarding his wife. He maintained that he was no fool and could tell skimmed milk from cream. And had he not had sufficient time to find out whether Mrs. Rusk was cream or not? He thought he had. It was only when the village clergyman, Mr. Moses Rogers, who was born ninety-three years before, was called in as referee, that Mr. Rusk would believe. Then the ex officio and the de jure husband went out into the woods and wept sympathetically together, while the leaves of the forest whispered the same old amusing story.



Mrs. Rusk faints.

After cutting a nice fat sapling Mr. Rusk returned to East New York and found his home deserted. The heaven-sent Clara had fled. He sat down in the old armchair and cogitated. He waited to hear the familiar voice of his old hall clock, which sounded, as everybody said, like the chime of some distant cathedral wafted by soft breezes. He waited several hours, and then ascertained that the French clock with the nickel-plated front and sidings had also fled. Subsequent research revealed that nearly everything else in the house had enlisted under the fair Clara's standard, and Mr. Rusk would really like to know who is smoking his meerschaum pipe to-day.

Mrs. Rusk made no opposition to Mr. Rusk's desire



Watching and waiting.

for divorce. Happily a child, who was the result of the mistake, was legitimated, though the marriage was declared null, and he will be educated under the supervision of his father.

"I'LL ROAST YOU."

[Subject of Illustration.]

"I'll roast you alive for that!" and the speaker, a huge, shrewy negro, grappled Mike Sweeney in his arms and bore him toward the flaming mouth of a roaring furnace.

The Brass and Copper Company of Ansonia, Conn., have just brought 100 colored men from Washington to work in their mill. They are willing to work at lower wages than the whites, and a deadly feud has sprung up between the two races. The mill employs 700 hands.

This morning, while a petition was being circulated among the workmen asking the company to increase their wages from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day, a powerfully built colored man named Bee not only refused to sign the paper but threatened to roast or kill any Irishman in the mill who dared approach him.

About 400 grimy-faced toilers heard the challenge. Mike Sweeney, an unusually athletic man, sprang before the infuriated negro, and with one terrific blow of his fist knocked three of the black man's teeth down his throat.

Then the colored man seized the Irishman as if he were an infant, and bore him swiftly toward the furnace door. The 400 workmen looking on held their breath with horror as the negro, like a fiend incarnate, drew nearer the fatal spot.

The flames of the furnace were upon him before Sweeney, by one supreme effort, was able to wrest himself away from that vice-like grip. Then a deadly struggle began. The two swayed like great trees in a storm, as they were locked in the embrace of hate and rained sledge hammer blows upon each other's faces.

All this took place in a few seconds, but it seemed like hours to the horror-stricken employees, each of whom stood as though frozen, unable to separate the combatants.

Just then Sweeney's brother rushed up. In his hand he swung a huge pair of iron tongs, such as are used in adjusting the red-hot metal beneath the trip-hammer. He reached the pair just as the negro was pressing the white man against the fiery entrance to the blast furnace. He aimed a blow at Bee's head. The negro saw him and dodged, releasing the white man from his perilous position. But the blow intended for Bee struck Sweeney with crushing force upon the forehead, and he sank bleeding and senseless at the door of the furnace.

Then the 400 employees found their wits, and a rush was made upon Bee, who fought and bit like a maniac. He was at length secured and taken to the police station. The wounded Sweeney was at first thought to be dead, but he recovered sufficiently to be taken to his home.

Later in the day Bee was arrested, fined and discharged from the mill. The most intense excitement prevails throughout the town, and threats are made of lynching Bee and driving all of the colored people out of the place.

PLENTY OF RUM ON BOARD.

Captain A. C. Todd, of the British steamship Sarah Ann, which cleared from Baltimore March 2, writes from Galway, Ireland, to Lieutenant Graham, of the Baltimore Hydrographic Office, that on March 7, in latitude 30.08 north, longitude 60.20, he sighted a dismantled vessel, which proved to be the French brigantine Dix Freres, from Martinique with sugar for Boston. In response to signals of distress a boat was sent to her with much difficulty, as the sea was running very high. Four of the crew were taken off, but the captain and mate refused to leave, saying they would go down with the ship. They also prevented a small boy from leaving.

The crew stated that they had been drifting about for nearly two months, having lost their masts December 18, 1885, and that one of the crew was lying dead on board. There was plenty of rum on board, and the captain and mate were always drunk. The brigantine was rolling very heavily, and the only chance of escape for those remaining on board was in being taken off by some other boat. The cargo had been dissolved and pumped overboard.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Ferd B. Davis is the clever detective who so skillfully worked up the celebrated Sharon divorce case for the late Senator, which created such an immense sensation on the Pacific Coast a year ago. Detective Davis now looks after the welfare of the Palace Hotel at San Francisco, where he is very popular among the many prominent gentlemen who put up at that handsome hostelry.

J. Dukes Murray.

On another page we print an excellent portrait of Mr. J. Dukes Murray, business manager of the Milton Nobles Combination.

Alfa Norman.

The beautiful, intelligent and high bred face of Alfa Norman, the new American prima donna, who has grasped Clara Louise Kellogg's laurels at a bound, is faithfully portrayed on another page.

Dick Matthews.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Dick Matthews, of San Bernardino, Cal., the heavyweight who recently made a tour of New Zealand, New South Wales, and won victory after victory. Matthews wants to meet any man in the world but Sullivan. His record recently appeared in this paper.

John W. Laurer.

Omaha society has been severely overturned by the recent trial of John W. Laurer, who was charged with the murder of his wife. The most eminent counsel in the West were engaged in the case, and the whole State watched the proceedings, which ended so unsatisfactorily by the disagreement of the jury.

Charles Shaw.

Richmond, Va., has recently been thrown in great excitement over the appearance in that good city of burglar Shaw, who, in a desperate effort to get away from the police, shot Sgt. Brooks, who followed him too close and made a gallant attempt to capture him. After three days' tramping around the country he was run down by the clever Richmond officers, who have him now on trial on three charges.

Wm. E. Harding.

The shrewd, vivacious countenance of Mr. Wm. E. Harding lights up our page of sporting celebrities this week. Wherever men of brawn and courage get together, the name of Mr. Harding is a household word. His knowledge of every branch of athletic sports is unrivalled, his judgment always indisputable, and his memory of records and dates beyond question. He is, without exception, the greatest living authority on field sports, pugilism being his specialty. No wonder that Richard K. Fox early secured him to 'preside, as he does now, over the sporting pages of this paper.

Eugene Brown.

Last spring Eugene Brown married a worthy young lady at Placerville, Cal. A few months ago he went away, telling her he would be back in a few days, but kept going, and when safely out of reach, he wrote to his young wife a harsh letter telling her he would never come back, and that she must hustle for herself in this cold, cruel world. Being in a condition that unfitted her for work of any description for the present, she was thrown upon the tender mercies of friends who have cared for her since. It will be a cold day for Mr. Brown if he is caught by the sturdy citizens of Placerville.

John Freyling.

John Freyling lived near Roaring Creek, Columbia county, Pa., until Sunday week last. John was a widower, a good farmer, and was reported to have been worth considerable money. With all this he was not happy, for he madly loved his housekeeper, a buxom woman named Hulda Dinkel, aged thirty-five. She did not reciprocate to an extent appreciable by John, and on the day mentioned, while the rest of the family were attending service, he committed suicide by first piercing his body with a pair of scissors and then blowing his face off with the contents of a shotgun that had been loaded with cut lead for over a year. Death occurred instantly.

SHE RODE ON THE HEARSE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sensational feature of the funeral of Frank Mulkowski, recently hanged in Chicago, was furnished by Mrs. Kledzieck, sister of Mulkowski and stepmother to the murdered woman, Agnes Kledzieck. During the service she knelt in a pew near the coffin, and when the crowd went out she waited until the rush was over, and then walked slowly to the sidewalk, and, mounting the hearse, deliberately seated herself next to the driver.

A REAL WILD WOMAN.

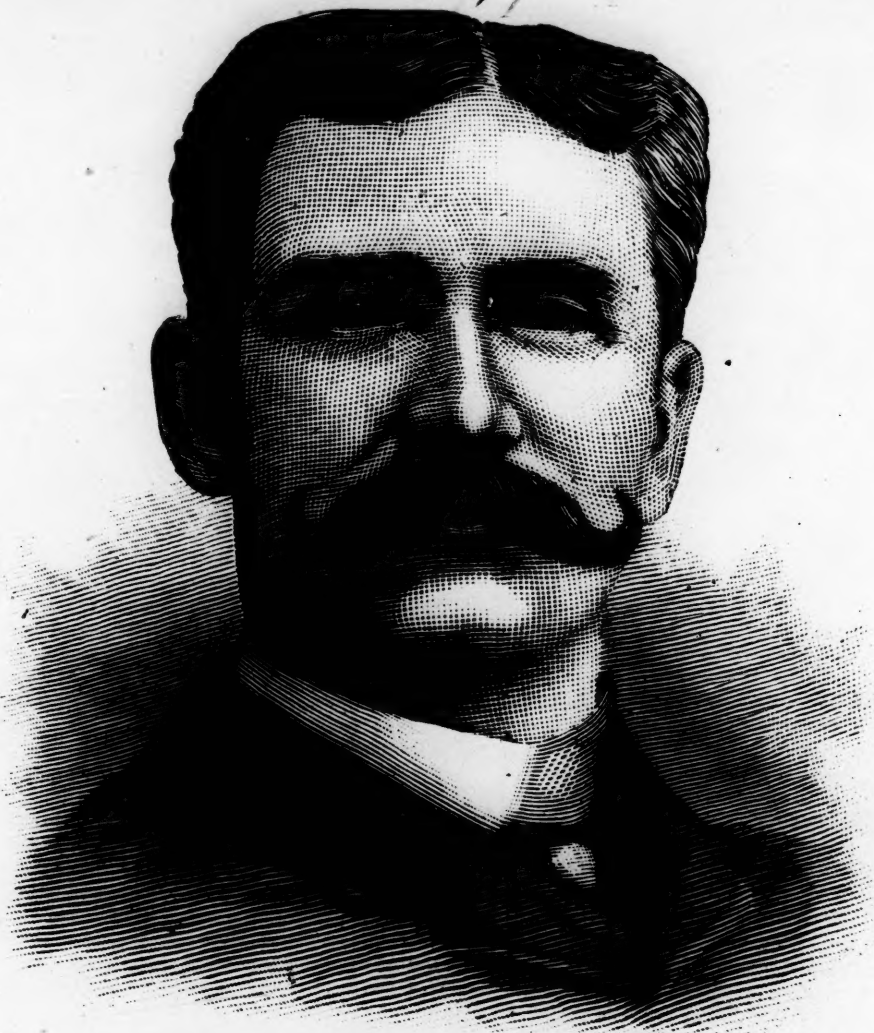
[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate elsewhere the recent capture of a wild woman near Tanagersville, in the Catskill Mountains.



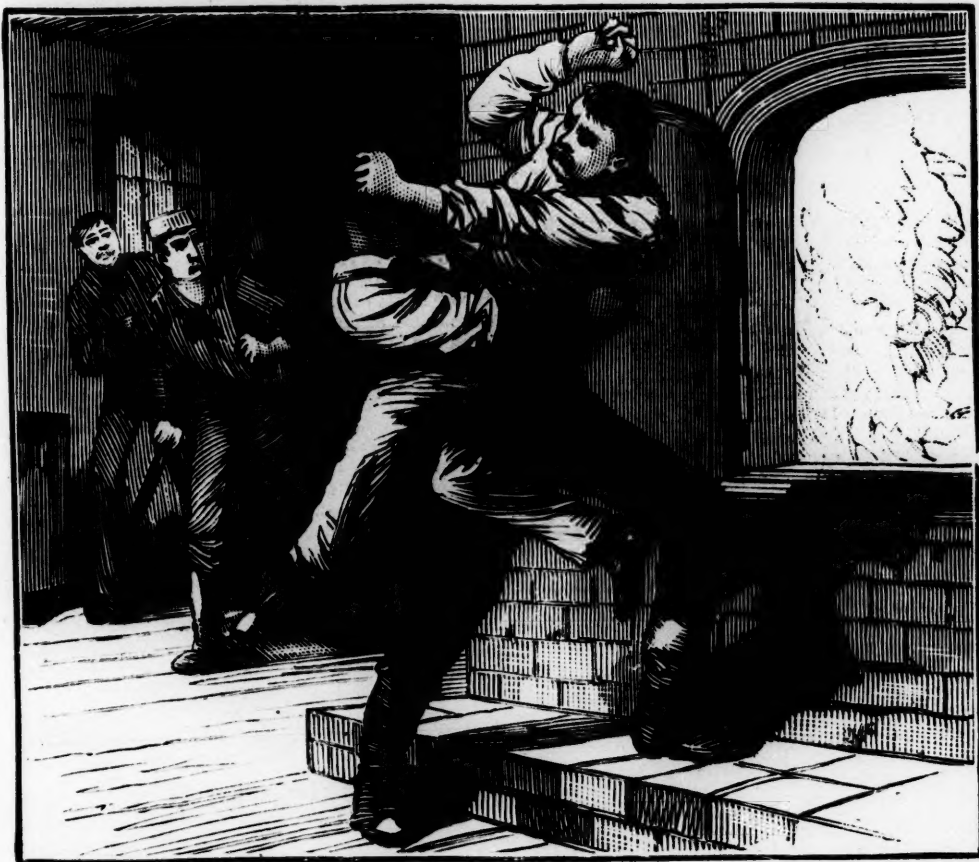
ALFA NORMAN,

THE BEAUTIFUL AND MELODIOUS YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA WHO HAS MORE THAN DISPLACED THE BEST MEMORIES OF CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.



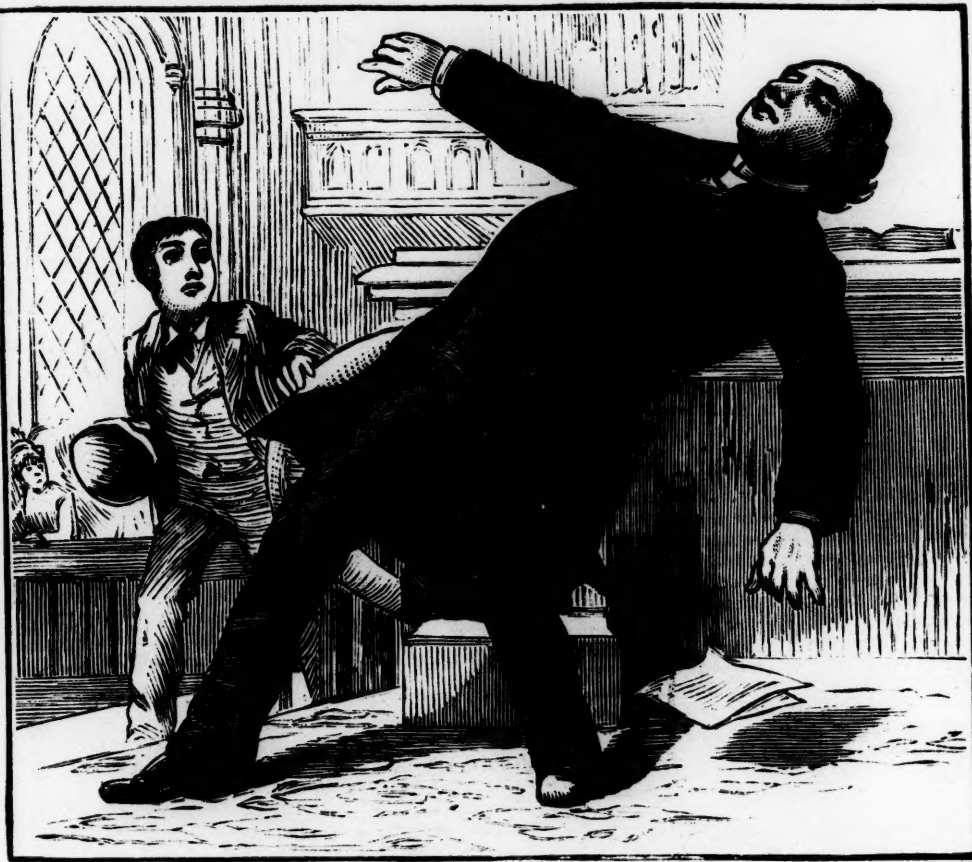
J. DUKES MURRAY,

A VERY ENERGETIC, INTELLIGENT AND ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG GENTLEMAN, AT PRESENT MANAGING THE BUSINESS OF THE MILTON NOBLES' DRAMATIC COMBINATION.



"I'LL ROAST YOU!"

JOHN BEE, A POWERFULLY BUILT COLORED MAN IN AN ANSONIA, CT., MILL, CHALLENGES MIKE SWEENEY TO MORTAL COMBAT AND A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ENSUES.



HE FAINTED IN THE PULPIT.

THE REV. JOHN BLAIR OF THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MD., RECEIVES, WHILE PREACHING, A DESPATCH ANNOUNCING THE LYNCHING OF HIS SON IN KANSAS.



CHARLES SHAW,

BURGLAR, WHO SHOT SERGEANT BROOKS JAILER, AT RICHMOND, VA.



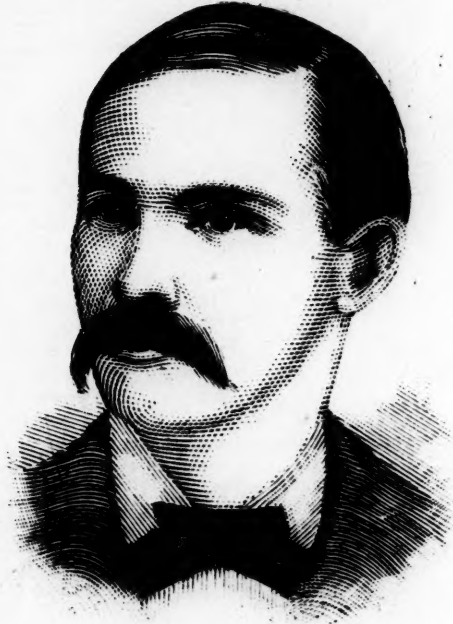
JOHN FREILING,

WHO BLEW HIS HEAD OFF FOR HIS ROOM HOUSEKEEPER, DOBING CREEK, PA.



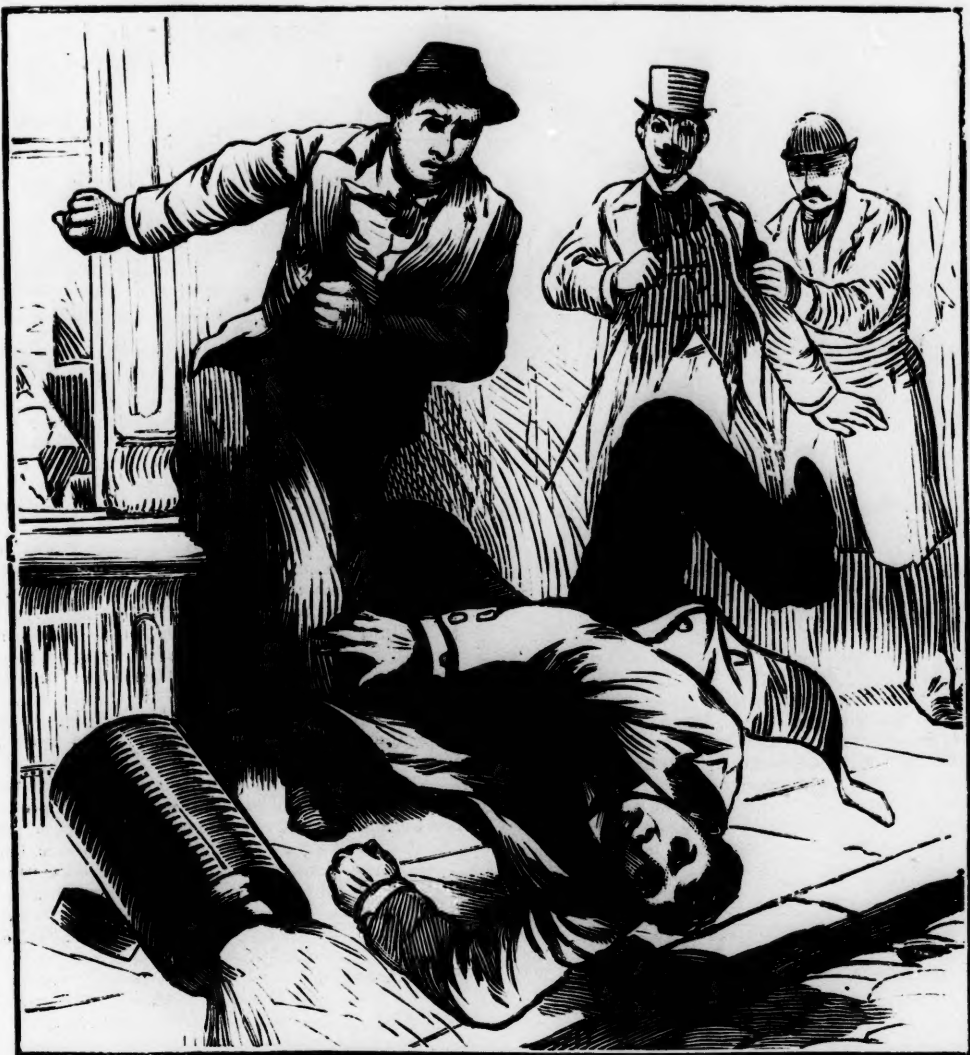
EUGENE BROWN,

WHO SKIPPED AWAY FROM HIS YOUNG WIFE, WANTED AT PLACERVILLE, CAL.



JOHN W. LAURER,

THE ACCUSED IN THE GREAT LAURER CASE, OMAHA, NEB.



DIXEY KNOCKED OUT.

THE MUCH-OVERRATED AND EXTRAVAGANTLY-ADVERTISED YOUNG COMEDIAN OF "ADONIS" UNSUCCESSFULLY TRIES TO GET A LAUGH AT THE EXPENSE OF A MILKMAN.



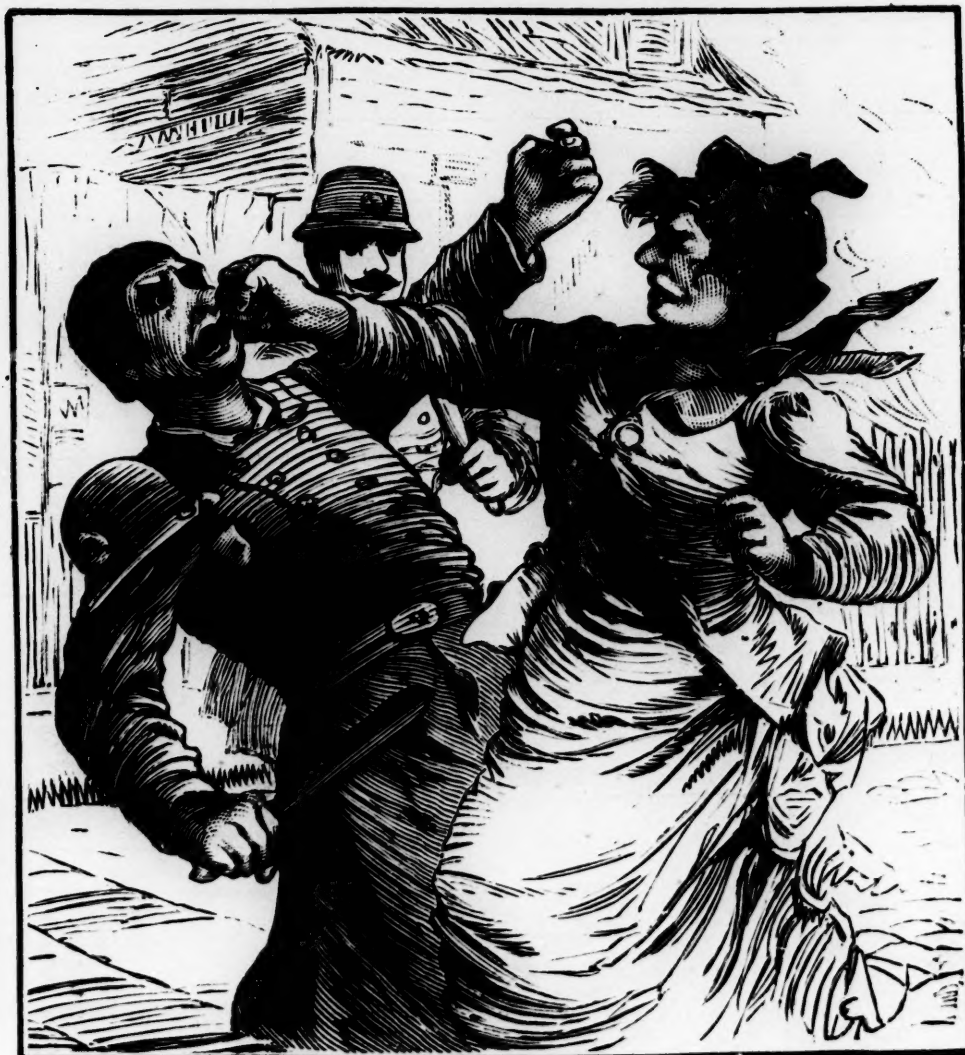
A STRANGE CURE.

REBECCA RICHARDS OF PLAINFIELD, N. J., IS MADE THE VICTIM OF A ROGUS ASSAULT BY HER FATHER AND UNCLE IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET HER TO CHANGE HER HABITS.



HE GOT HURT.

AL MARX, THE WELL-KNOWN COWBOY FUGILIST, COMES ACROSS AN IRATE PROFESSIONAL ADVERSARY IN A KANSAS CITY EDITORIAL ROOM AND IS PROMPTLY LAID OUT.



A FEMALE SLUGGER.

CARRIE DUNCAN, ALIAS CARRIE M'BRIDE, THE FUGILISTIC TERROR OF LOUISVILLE, KY., HAS A DESPERATE AND BLOOD-CURDLING CONFLICT WITH A SQUAD OF POLICE.

MARRIED MISERIES.

The Woeful and Fatal Consequences Which Followed a Pair of Very Evident Matrimonial Mismatchings.

LUST, MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Eloped with Her Step-Son.

The introduction of a young wife into the family of John W. Dawson, a wealthy farmer of Perry township, Indiana, brought with it a train of woes. Mr. Dawson was nearly seventy years of age, and had several children who were grown. When his youthful bride, a girl not more than twenty years old, came to his fine old country place, the children all went away in high dudgeon. After a few months had elapsed one of them, Oscar Dawson, a good-looking man twenty-five years of age, returned and took the management of the farm. He found the young Mrs. Dawson, his step-mother, a very comely

person, and one whose tastes were much better adapted to his society than to that of his father. For some time the old man's bride and the old man's son got along amazingly well together, and finally, one day last fall, they eloped.

Going directly to Indianapolis and assuming another name they passed as man and wife for several weeks, until at length the detectives whom Mr. Dawson the elder had placed on their track ferreted them out and arrested them. The case against them was not pushed, and it was not until last week that they were arranged and fined \$25 each, both having been out on bail in the mean time. As soon as this judgment was entered the elder Dawson began a suit for divorce, which was granted on condition that he should pay the young woman alimony in the sum of \$1,000. With this money the girl and Oscar were preparing to go to California, there to marry and grow up with the country, when a creditor of Mrs. Dawson got out an attachment against her alimony.

Feeling her disgrace keenly at last, and supposing that her money, which was temporarily distrained in the bank, could not be recovered, she procured a poisonous drug, swallowed it, and set out on foot for the Dawson homestead. Arriving there almost in the throes of death the fugitive wife informed the servants that she was dying, and was assisted into the house.



They passed for man and wife.

but before anything could be done for her she expired. The old farmer found her dead body there when he came in to dinner, and at once broke forth in violent imprecations upon his ungrateful son. He afterward made elaborate preparations for her funeral, and charged her sin entirely upon Oscar.

The next day, when young Mrs. Dawson's body had been prepared for burial, the son, looking sorrow-stricken and dejected, appeared at the homestead and was ushered into the parlor where the casket lay. He sat by the side of the body for several hours, his father coming in occasionally, in spite of the exertions of friends, and cursing him for his infidelity. Toward evening the young man took farewell of the dead and wended his way to town, proceeding at once to the residence of his brother, where he stretched himself

upon a bed, and was seen no more alive. The next morning he was found there dead with a note by his side explaining that the death of the woman he had loved and the curses of his father had deprived him of all its joys for him. The wife was buried Sunday and the son on Monday, and the old man is now living alone again.

Father and Daughter Accused.

Mrs. Emma Moore, long recognized as the handsomest woman in Port Huron, Mich., is now in jail with her father, James Moore, on a verdict of a coroner's jury that "one or the other of them" killed Capt. Duncan McCaig. McCaig was the divorced husband of Emma Moore, she resuming her maiden name on securing her freedom. He was one of the best-known vessel captains on the lakes, and until his habits unfitted him for service he held command in many fine steamers. After a married life of five or six years his wife left him, and began a suit for divorce on the ground of intemperance, cruelty and neglect. She received a decree, the custody of her two children and a considerable alimony.

From the time of their separation down to the night of the tragedy, Emma Moore and her parents were repeatedly annoyed by McCaig. When under the



Calling for his former wife.

influence of liquor the captain would go to the Moore place and, standing at the front gate, call his former wife. If she did not respond at once he would threaten the whole family, and on several occasions he fired a revolver in the air to frighten them. His visits became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Moore finally arranged with the police to show a red lantern from the roof of his house whenever the captain put in an appearance, and they were then to come and remove him. About a week ago McCaig was heard at the gate calling his wife, and Mr. Moore at once ran up the red lantern on the flag staff. As the man became more and more violent, and no policeman appeared, Emma Moore procured a double-barrelled shotgun, and, with her father and mother, awaited the onslaught. Half an hour later the man went away, and some time after midnight the family retired. A few minutes before 2 in the morning a violent rapping at the front door aroused the Moores again, and on listening they heard McCaig demanding admittance and announcing that he had come to cut his wife's throat. After that there were three or four revolver shots, and two or three minutes later the report of a shotgun was heard. McCaig had run out of the yard into the street, and was found by the police in front of the house next to Moore's suffering from a frightful wound in the head. In his hand was an open knife. He lived three hours, but did not regain consciousness.

On going to Mr. Moore's residence and asking for an explanation, the shotgun, with one barrel empty, was shown the officers, and Emma Moore and her father were found in a state of desperate excitement. The young woman unreservedly admitted that she had done the shooting, and justified herself on the plea of self-defence. She was taken into custody after kissing her two little children a passionate farewell, and was soon behind the bars of the jail. Investigation convinced the authorities that Mr. Moore had probably fired the gun, and some time during the day he, too, was placed under arrest. The closest questioning has



Hoisting the danger signal.

failed to shake Mrs. Moore in her assertion that she alone was concerned in the shooting, but the feeling is very general that in this she is seeking to save her father and take whatever penalty may be inflicted for the homicide upon herself. She is a delicate young woman of 27, and no one here will believe that under the trying circumstances in which she was placed she could ever fire a double-barrelled gun with



The end.

such precision. It is expected that father and daughter will be indicted together for the killing, but it is not thought that any jury will ever convict either of them.

A DRAMATIC WEDDING.

The Texas Method of Conducting a Marriage Ceremony.

An exciting and dramatic incident occurred here last evening, says a Columbia (Texas) dispatch to the Chicago Times. Sunday morning two men rode into town. Their remarkable appearance at once attracted the attention of every one. They were covered with mud and carried a perfect arsenal of rifles, pistols and knives with them. One was a man over sixty, with long, gray hair, and blood in his eye; the other was a man of thirty years, built like a giant and wearing a terrible scowl on his face. They were father and son, William Wofford and Sam Wofford, from the backwoods of Matagorda county. The old man said he was looking for his "darter Kate," who had "lit out" with her cousin, Bill Wofford. Yesterday the father and the son located the runaway couple, who were occupying a small fisherman's tent, half a mile outside the town. When old Wofford found out the location of his erring "darter" a large crowd of curious men and boys followed the terrible-looking pair to the vicinity of the tent, as the old man kept constantly saying: "Sam, I'm goin' to kill him, suah." As they neared the tent the crowd fell back, while the old man and his giant son approached with rifles in hand. Suddenly the flap of the tent was violently thrown open from the inside, and there stood Bill and Kate, each holding a terrible Winchester rifle—one covering the old man, the other the son. Old gray-head and Sam glared like two wild beasts on the brave lovers, and Bill called out:

"Do you s'pose I'm goin' to give her up, arter we done tramped it together all the way from the Colorado to the Brazos? Not much: she's mine, and you may stan' there now and see us married."

The old man and Sam, under cover of the suggestive Winchesters, slowly moved back, all the time facing the boy Bill and his Kate, who had the drop on them. Meantime a courier had gone to town for a license and a preacher, and after nearly two hours, during which time Bill and Kate never took their eyes off the old man and Sam, and threatened to kill either should he raise a hand, the preacher and license arrived.

During the ceremony the bridegroom kept his rifle at a half-cock pointing toward his father-in-law. The preacher was so afraid they would open hostilities while he was there that he could scarcely finish the ceremony. After the marriage the old man delivered a terrible curse on both, said he would spare their lives now, provided they never set foot in Matagorda county. "If you do," said he, as he shook his long, dirty, yellow locks and violently struck his rifle with one hand. "If you do, you're both on you dead as soon as you cross the line, for when I'm gone Sam he's there. You've got the whole world before you 'cept Matagorda county. Now go!" With this philippic the old man and son departed forlorn, while Bill pulled down the flap of the tent.

A FAITHLESS DIVINE.

A Preacher Gets His Wife's Property Into Money and Runs Away.

"He is my third husband, and when I married him I thought I was getting a prize, as he was an ordained minister. He is a good preacher, a good prayer and a good family man all through," said Mrs. Hammond, wife of the Rev. William Hammond, of Franklin, N. H. He had stolen \$5,000 of her money and was followed by her to Boston. Previous to her arrival the police had been requested to look out for and capture him.

In the telegram it was stated that Hammond was in constant correspondence with Mrs. Dr. Eddy, the "Christian Scientist," and would in all probability call at her house when he reached Boston. This proved to be the case, and led to his capture almost immediately.

Six weeks ago the preacher married the complainant, and almost immediately he set to work to obtain possession of her money. He first wanted to embark in the drug business in Boston, as the salary he was receiving—\$42 per month—was not sufficient to enable him to keep her in comfort. She agreed to come to Boston for that purpose, if a favorable opportunity presented itself. Several days ago he induced his wife to sign her name to a bank book representing a deposit of \$2,000, he to fill out an order for \$100, which was to be used for household expenses. He took the entire amount, together with a \$1,000 bond, and deposited them in the safe of Deacon Page, a well-known Franklin business man, subject to his (Hammond's) order. He then induced his wife to sell a house for \$2,000, which sum he deposited in a local bank in his own name. He also succeeded in gaining her consent to the sale of another piece of property, which, but for the present developments, would have been auctioned off.

When the reformed gentleman was ready to run away he secured a draft on the First National Bank, of Boston, representing the \$2,000 which stood to his credit, leaving the other money and bonds in Deacon Page's safe. The telegram, however, went faster than he did, and payment on the draft was stopped. He was also arrested within the hour as he was leaving the house of his long-time correspondent, Mrs. Dr. Eddy. While en route for New Hampshire in custody he informed the officer that his wife made over all her property to him voluntarily, and he had a perfect right to do with it as he pleased. He expressed a strong desire to see that lady and get her to make up, but she refused him the deluding privilege. After making over to his wife all her property that he had obtained possession of he was allowed his liberty, and the chances are that the matter will be adjusted amicably.

HOW ATHLETES TRAIN.

Myers and George Watched with Lynx-eyed Vigilance by New York Athletes.

The amateur athletes of New York are watching the training of the famous runners, Myers and George, with lynx-eyed vigilance. George trains after the style of professional English fighting men, rising at five in the morning, takes ice cold baths in the open air, runs an average of nearly twenty miles a day, eats rare beef, toast and tea, eschews vegetables and is rubbed down and put to sleep at ten o'clock at night. Myers never lost but one important race in England, and that was when he was put through this time-honored system of training. He ran down so light that he looked like a skeleton, and his speed left him after he had run the first hundred yards. Now he is training after his own fashion—that is, he is taking a moderate amount of exercise every day, paying no particular attention to his diet. The men who have money on the match, and there is already a great deal wagered, are getting nervous about the American champion. He seems perfectly satisfied, however, and looks forward to beating George in all three of the events. Myers is a wonderful runner, but he will have a good, sturdy man against him when he toes the scratch to decide the championship of the world, and he will have to run for all he's worth. This is not the universal opinion, by the way. A great many believe that Myers will win hands down. Bill Curtis, who is probably the leading authority on amateur athletics in this country, says that after his race with Myers, George will say that he never knew what running was until he met the American champion.

SIRENS OF THE STAGE.

What may be named a peculiar branch of feminine industry has been recently developed in this city. It consists of the entrapping into matrimony of silly and conceited young men, with rich fathers, by shrewd, though unscrupulous, burlesque actresses. The young men, commonly classified as dudes, lay sentimental siege to the actresses under the impression that they are irresistible. But the young women are so much more astute and artful than their besiegers that these have no sort of chance with them. They end by becoming desperately enamored of them—at least they fancy they are—giving them costly presents, elaborate suppers—everything, in short, that money will buy. Still they are as far from winning their affections as at the outset, and are at last plainly told that they must agree to marriage before they can have any hope of conquering their histrionic hearts. Strangely enough, although marriage never entered into their calculations at first, they not infrequently yield. Then the rich papa, hearing of his son's amorous imbecility, buys the young woman off, and she releases her latest victim to secure another. Half a dozen wealthy New Yorkers have, within a year, purchased their boys' freedom from these adventuresses by paying liberally for it.

A negro dray driver, named Cooper Shelton, shot and fatally wounded a negro farmer's wife by the name of Moore, one mile south of Vicksburg, March 24. The trouble was the result of a lawsuit wherein Shelton's wife was fined \$5 for abusive language to Moore. About 8 o'clock that night Shelton went to Moore's house and called him out. His wife followed, and when they approached Shelton they saw a pistol in his hand. Moore immediately ran back to the house and Shelton fired upon the woman. The ball took effect in her back, but did not knock her down, whereupon to prevent her escape he knocked her down with a heavy stick, and while she lay on the ground he fired two more shots into her body, leaving her as he thought dead. The woman is yet alive. Shelton is in jail.



The old farmer finds her dead body.

A NICE KIND OF PARSON.

The Rev. Philip Krohn is Badly Shown Up at Junction City, Kansas.

ONE MORE ORDAINED LIBERTINE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Rev. Philip Krohn was recently surprised in a hotel bedroom at Junction City, Kan., in company with a woman who had "put up" a job on him. His escapade in Kansas recalls a celebrated clerical case in which he figured, in the vicinity of Albany. The Rev. Philip Krohn was pastor of the Hudson Avenue M. E. Church in Albany during 1876 and 1877. In the spring of 1878 the Troy Conference assigned him to the Washington Street M. E. Church, West Troy. His stay in Albany was not attended by any scandal, although it was known that he speculated to some extent in stocks, and was at times somewhat pinched for money, when he would apply to men of means in his congregation for loans. As far as is known, these loans were repaid. He had been at West Troy about three years when rumors obtained currency in the community affecting alike his character for morality and his financial dealings. Mr. Louis N. Ireland, a member of Dr. Krohn's congregation, was finally fixed upon as having been industrious in circulating the rumors. In the minister's congregation was a very lively young lady named Mary Stokes and another quiet but prepossessing young woman named Minnie Van Heusen. The reports were to the effect that the Rev. Dr. Krohn's relations with both these ladies were not exactly such as should exist between a pastor and the female members of his flock.

The more the rumors were talked of the greater grew the scandal, and after returning from his vacation in the summer of 1880, he suddenly disappeared after a few days' stay at home, and was not heard from for two or three weeks. This was cited as proof of his guilt, and he was also alleged to have absconded to avoid his creditors. On September 15, however, he returned as suddenly as he had departed and wrote a communication to the *Journal*, explaining that his sudden absence was occasioned by a business trip to Chicago. He also explained his financial difficulties, and asked a suspension of judgment on the charge of immorality until they could be investigated by a committee of the Troy conference.

This investigation was had in October, 1880, and the evidence elicited was rather peculiar. Miss Mary Stokes had in the mean time become Mrs. Mary Martin. She was called as a witness and testified in substance that the Rev. Dr. Krohn had called upon her, had declared that he loved her, and that on one occasion had made an insulting proposal to her. When she asked him what he meant by it, he passed it off by saying that he only intended it to try her. She told a lady friend of it, and the lady friend said that Dr. Krohn had done the same thing in Albany. She denied intimacy with him, but other testimony proved she was an exceedingly lively young woman. Michael Molloy, of 171 Fourth street, Troy, another witness, testified that he rented apartments in September, 1879, to the Rev. Dr. Krohn, whose apartments were occupied by a lady whom the Doctor introduced as Mrs. Howard, and who continued in the rooms nearly a year, Dr. Krohn being her only visitor. It was also shown that Miss Minnie Van Heusen and Miss Howard were one and the same person. The Rev. Dr. Krohn explained this by saying that Minnie had called upon him with a story of her betrayal by a young man who refused to marry her, and urged him to procure a refuge for her. He had rented the rooms in question for her, but denied any intimacy with her, his visits, he said, being only such as a pastor ought to pay to an erring, suffering member of his flock.

The trial of Dr. Krohn was one of the most exciting and famous ever held in this Conference. Party feeling ran high. Elder Griffith and several other prominent Methodists sided with the accused clergyman, and fought strenuously for him in spite of the damaging testimony. He was finally acquitted through their efforts, but the church was split by the scandal, and Dr. Krohn soon left for a Western field, public sentiment being so strong against him. One of his chief accusers died afterward from the effects of the strain of the case on him. The reverend gentleman's escapade in Kansas will convince his opponents here of the truth of their charges against him, and ought to shake the confidence of his defenders.

FAINTING IN HIS PULPIT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few days ago there was published an account of how John Blair, murdered his wife and family in a little town in the interior of Kansas, and how he had been lynched by the neighbors. This was widely read, but it did not reach the eyes of the Rev. W. Downey Blair, of Cumberland county, Del., the father of the young man. Sunday, while Mr. Blair was preaching at the church of which he is pastor, near Smyrna post-office, his attention was attracted to a little boy who, running into the church, waved a letter in his hand. Mr. Blair stopped and, taking the envelope, broke the seal.

After a minute's perusal, he threw up his hands and, with a groan, fell, apparently lifeless, to the floor. He was picked up and carried outside. A doctor was summoned, and, after some difficulty, the unfortunate father was revived. That letter brought him the first news of his son's terrible crime and the punishment meted out to him at the hands of a mob.

The swooning of the minister in church caused great excitement among the congregation, who gathered around to hear what had caused the pastor's illness. They were not informed, and Mr. Blair took the train for Louisville to hear definite news.

Rev. Mr. Blair is a minister in full standing in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and has been for the last forty years. He has lived all his life in this country. He reared a large family of children, three of whom were boys. These were all given the best education, and two of them studied for and entered the ministry of the church of their father. They made rapid advancement, and one is now the pastor of a large congregation in Birmingham, Ala., while the other has charge of the church at Henderson, Ky. The third son, John, evidenced but little liking for the family calling, and early in life caused his father and brothers much trouble and sorrow by his evil associ-

tions and dissolute habits. Finally, not wishing to be disgraced, the family induced the young man to leave home and endeavor to lead a new life in a new place. To this the young man consented, and leaving his home settled in Emporia, Kan. Here he married, and some years after his father received a letter informing him that his son was leading a new life, and was succeeding in the world and rearing his small family in the ways of righteousness. The father never heard of him again until he read the news of his crime and dreadful fate.

THE MOONSHINER'S HOME.

A Visit to the Rugged Mountains of Harlan, Ky., and Observations on the Natives.

A Harlan, Ky., correspondent of the *Louisville Courier Journal* writes: The country through which Marshal Gross has recently travelled is full of interest to those unacquainted with mountain life and the ways of the moonshiner. It is characterized by steep and rugged mountains on every side, running precipitously to the streams, making it a fit home for illicit distillers. The homes of the people are situated on the shelving portions of the mountains or at the entrance of a creek into the river, where a little bottom of a few acres gives space to till the corn that goes largely to making the moonshine whisky, which costs the government so dearly in life and money to suppress. The manner of disposing of their illicit products shows decided ingenuity in concealing the identity of the seller to the buyer of the whisky.

I was no little surprised, as I rode along by the side of a deputy marshal, when he pointed to the side of the road and said, "There's a blind tiger." I looked for the animal, and asked, "Where?" when he pointed to a square hole in the end of a small, tight log hut that stood near by. This so-called "blind tiger" is constructed of an oblong box without ends, which is fastened into a hole through the side of the house. Fitting closely into this is a drawer of the same length. The buyer knocks on the box, and the drawer is pushed outside. When the money and bottle are placed in it, it is drawn back, the bottle filled and returned, and the money taken out, neither party recognizing the other in the transaction. These little huts are generally situated at a convenient point to command the road both ways.

The houses of these people of the mountains, as a rule, are poorly constructed of logs, and chinked between with small pieces of split wood and mud. The chimneys are most often built of the same materials. Surrounding this humble structure with a few acres of cornstalks and a rugged-looking apple tree or two, and frame it with a wild background of steep hillsides and leafless forest trees, and you have the home of the moonshiner as it looks in March. The people are wild-eyed, but there is nothing of the sort in their manners. When addressed they answer with the air of an equal, no matter if their clothes are of tattered homespun and entirely innocent of the pure water that dashes down every mountain hollow. They are all aristocrats; caste in society is unknown.

They are ever on the alert while traveling the roads, and it is no uncommon thing to discover ahead of us a man disappearing in the bushes or behind a ledge of rock as we approached en route to Harlan court house, which gave one a very uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty when riding a horse that could not be hired from one who knew the country until you had agreed to pay for it in case it was shot during the trip. As one passes a house close observation will discover a pair of eyes fastened upon him, peering through a chink between the logs, or sees a bunch of hair, a forehead and a pair of eyes peering at him from around the facing of the door—the rest of the person being kept from view. Once we came upon a couple of females too far from the house to seek shelter from observation, who dashed off to a fodder-stack across a lot to secrete themselves. Every one we met wanted to know our business and destination, and if our mission was satisfactory they would do all in their power to assist us.

A stranger among these people, if he is known to be seeking pleasure or prospecting for minerals or lumber, is as safe as he could possibly be anywhere in the world. They seem to take real pleasure in accommodating one, and will put themselves to no little trouble to do so. The writer desired to investigate an Indian burial ground, on which is situated Harlan court house. One of the natives volunteered to fetch a man a mile away who was familiar with the digging up of these relics. He came and worked until three remains were disinterred and refused pay, although he had left his own work to accommodate a stranger.

They will take one aside and whisper the name of a cowardly assassin, and tell you of his deeds, and beg that their names will not be mentioned in connection with the story, for fear of the murderer and his friends taking offense. There is no chance of a civil suit in Bell or Harlan counties ever coming to trial because of the precedence that criminal cases have over them, and there are so many of the latter that a man committing a murder to-day can not have his trial until it is so late by the lapse of time that the witnesses are dead or moved away, the murdered forgotten, and sympathy has turned to the party tried, and an easy acquittal follows as an encouragement to the next desperado to commit a like offense.

That such a state of affairs should exist is a disgrace to the State and its law-makers. That a criminal court pure and simple is much needed goes without saying, with a brave and fearless judge to execute the law, backed, if need be, by force enough to protect him. The only other solution is that of the Kilkenny cat variety—that in time they may exterminate them, selves; for these murders are committed by factions upon each other, principally. I was introduced to a gentleman as judge, who had represented his county of Harlan in the legislature in the last few years, belonging to one of the factions at war with each other in Harlan, who had had two sons killed in the space of a few months and himself had been a prisoner in his own house for three months for fear of his life being taken if seen out, his first appearance in that time being when he felt protected by the presence of United States Marshal Gross and his party during their short stay at Harlan court-house.

DRIVEN TO DESPAIR.

A young woman committed suicide and murder Wednesday evening of last week about dark, by jumping from the Mobile and Ohio railroad bridge into the Sawashee creek, a half mile from Meridian, Miss., after strapping her infant to her breast. She was seen by a colored man and the bodies were soon recovered from the watery grave by the Meridian officials. On the bridge were found her hat, shawl and portmanteau.

Among other things in the portmanteau was \$18.25 in silver, one \$5 greenback bill and the following note:

"My name is Annie Lee Wilson, and I live on Poplar street, Memphis. I am twenty years of age, and my father, mother and one sister, seventeen years old, are living there. I was a happy and contented girl up to two years ago. I need not tell why I am unhappy now and why I want to die. When my body and that of my darling child are found, if they ever are, the story of a dishonored girl's life will be told. Halting between resolution and irresolution for the past six weeks; too cowardly to live and afraid to die; spurned by friends and outlawed by society, my life has been shadowed by unutterable grief, and that brief period has seemed an eternity of woe. I know it is wicked, ordinarily, to take one's own life, but in this instance I sin, God knows I have been more sinned against than sinning. I recognize the fact that in a little while I shall have to stand at the bar of judgment to answer for my life and death, and I have no thoughts of censure to write upon this page against the author of all my misfortunes. I love him, and as I hope to be forgiven I forgive him. God have mercy on his soul, and deal as gently with an erring and broken-hearted girl and her innocent little baby as you can."

The remains were taken to an undertaker's office, where a number of Meridian ladies prepared them for burial. She had been at the St. Elmo Hotel, in that city, for two days previous, and seemed bright and cheerful. When she left she said she was going out to visit a friend in the city.

HOW TO "KILL" ENGINES.

An Engineer Indicates a Number of Ways in Which It May Be Done.

"Tell me how St. Louis strikers 'kill' so many engines and render them useless for service, will you?" asked a reporter for the *Denver Tribune* of an engineer who was busy oiling the links of his engine in one of the local round-house yards.

The runner looked over his questioner and asked: "Are you a reporter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I've nothing to say. Besides, I am too busy now to talk anyhow. Catch on to some one else."

The questioner found some one else in the "barn" whom he knew, and who would talk.

"How they 'kill' engines, hey? Well, the quickest and surest way is to take this away," the runner replied, laying his hand on the throttle lever. "Shut the throttle by pushing in the lever pin, disconnect the fulcrum connections with the boiler head, stick the lever under your coat and march off with it and the engine is useless. Even if she is near the machine shop it will require a couple of days to replace the lever at a cost of \$14, as it must be forged and turned, and the brass throttle ratchet must be cast, filed and polished. That is much better than to carry off connecting rods, as I saw represented recently in an illustrated paper. It would take two men at least to cart away one connecting rod, which you know connects the crank pin of the forward driver with the cross-head, though that disables a locomotive of course."

"Several Vandalla trains were killed by the steam gauges being knocked off, so the dispatches said."

"If that is all the dispatches said, they didn't cover all the ground, because the water-glasses would be left, and an engineer can run without the one if he has the other. If the gauges are knocked out the holes can be readily plugged up, and new gauges only cost 75 cents each. But if gauges and the water-glass with its fillings are busted, the engine is no good."

"Any attempt to run will end in burning her flues and crown sheet. You see, where these parts are covered everything is lovely, but with low water they burn out. I've seen a burnt crown sheet dropped down from its braces almost into the grate. An explosion occurs at such times which tears everything to pieces. But then the strikers on the Gould system have burned no engines, and any parts they have carried off will turn up all right after the strike."

"Are there other parts of the machinery that can be taken away to 'kill' a locomotive?"

"Oh, my, yes. Take down the eccentric links, or take off the valve stems, and your engine is dead. The favorite way, when an engine is on the road, is to put out the fire, open the blow-off cock—which you see standing out from the side of the fire box, under the cab—and let out all the water. Then the engine must be hauled to the nearest tank and filled up before she can be fired up."

"As for killing engines in the round-houses, the strikers remove such of the parts as I have mentioned as will require the longest time to replace, and very likely at the same time let the water all out of the boilers."

QUICK WORK IN A CHICAGO COURT.

Speedy justice was meted out to Thos. Stephens in Judge Collins' court April 2. Stephens is an old man who for eleven years was in the employ of the Wilmington and Vermillion Coal Company of this city. Fifteen months ago he absconded, and investigation showed he had embezzled \$21,000 from the company. All efforts to capture the fugitive were fruitless, and it is believed he had gone to Canada. This proved correct, for last Tuesday the company he had robbed received a letter from him dated in Canada, saying he was penniless and alone, and rather than remain another year in Canada he desired to return, plead guilty to his crime, and receive his punishment. He announced his intention of starting at once for the United States. The company sent two Pinkerton detectives to Detroit to meet him. On Wednesday they arrested him. On Thursday he was brought to Chicago and indicted by the grand jury. Next morning he pleaded guilty before Judge Collins, and was sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Joliet, and the same afternoon was taken to the penitentiary.

FIVE GIANTS.

Five giants, each nearly eight feet tall, are boarding at the Putnam House just across from the Madison Square Garden. Three of them are brothers and if they could stand on one another's shoulders they would be as tall as a building of good height. The five giants straggled into the hotel one after another the other evening, and sat down at one table to dine. The waiters who filled their orders looked like small boys. One giant ate four beefsteaks and another drank seven cups of coffee. One of the giants dresses in the height of fashion, and is of very dignified appearance. He walked slowly and solemnly up Fifth avenue the other afternoon with a cane about the size of a tree. Hun-reds of Fifth avenue people looked out of the windows to see him.

JACK DEMPSEY.

The Full and Truthful History of a Wonderful Pugilist's Professional Development.

A ROMANCE OF THE RING.

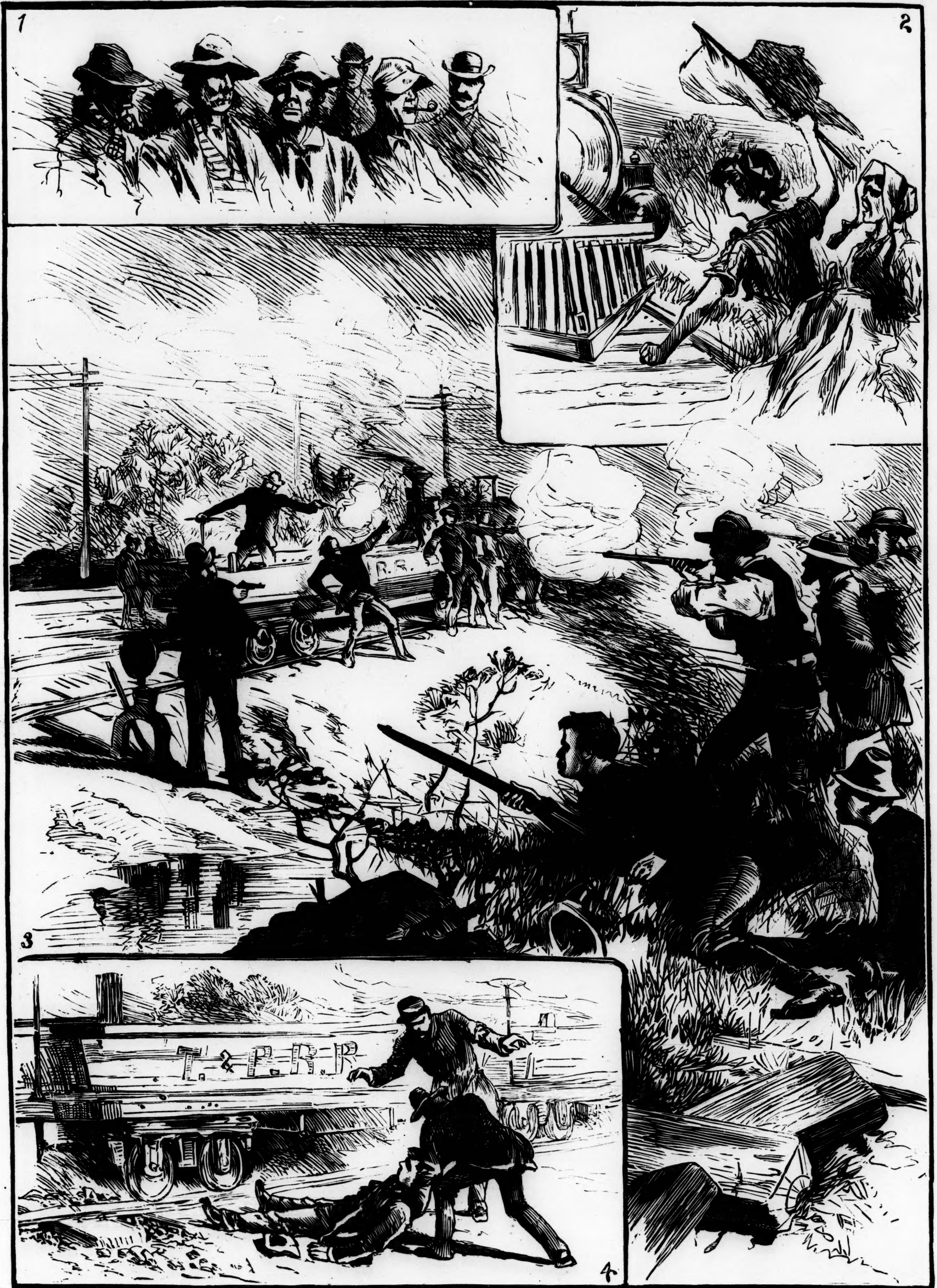
(Copyrighted by Richard K. Fox.)

Let us now examine the most hurtful blows, and such as contribute most to the battle. This is a most important consideration to pugilists and others, and claims their particular attention. It is well known that very few of those who fight know why a blow on such a part has such effects, yet by experience they know it has, and by these evident effects they are directed to the proper parts, as for instance, hitting under the ear, between the eyebrows and about the stomach. The blow under the ear is considered to be as dangerous as any given if it light between the angle of the lower jaw and the neck, because in this part there are two kind of blood vessels considerably large; the one brings the blood immediately from the heart to the head, while the other carries it immediately back. If a man receives a blow on these vessels the blood proceeding from the heart to the head is partly forced back, while the other part is pushed forward vehemently to the head; the same happens in the blood returning from the head to the heart, for part of it is precipitately forced into the latter, while the other tumultuously rushes to the head, whereby the blood vessels are immediately overcharged and the sinuses of the brain so overloaded and compressed that the man at once loses all sensation, and the blood afterward runs from his ears, mouth and nose, altogether owing to the quantity forced with such impetuosity into the smaller vessels, the coats whereof being too tender to resist so great a charge, instantly break, and cause the effusion of blood through these different parts. This is not the only consequence, but the heart, being overcharged with a regurgitation of blood (as may be said with respect to that forced back on the succeeding blood coming from the left ventricle) stops its progress, while that part of the blood coming from the head is violently pushed into its right auricle, so that as the heart labors under a violent surcharge of blood, there soon follows a cardiac or suffocation, but which goes off as the parts recover themselves and push the blood forward. The blows given between the eyebrows contribute greatly to the victory, for this part being contused between two hard bodies—viz., the fist and os frontale—there ensues a violent ecchymosis or extravasation of blood, which falls immediately into the eyelids, and they being of a lax texture, incapable of resisting this influx of blood, swell almost instantaneously, which violent intumescence soon obstructs the sight. The man thus indecently treated and artfully hoodwinked is beat at about his adversary's discretion. The blows on the stomach are very hurtful, as the diaphragm and lungs share in the injury. It is particularly recommended to those who box never to charge their stomach with too much food on the day of combat, for by observing this precaution they will find great service. It will help them to avoid that extraordinary compression on the *extrema descendens* and in a great measure preserve their stomach from the blow, which they must be the more exposed to when distended with victuals, the consequence of which may be attended with a vomiting of blood caused by the eruption of some blood vessels from the overcharging of the stomach, whereas, the empty stomach, yielding to the blow, is as much less affected by it as it is more by its resistance when expanded with food, therefore it is advisable for a man to take a little cordial water upon an empty stomach, which, it is thought, cannot fail in proving of great service by its astringent the fibres and contracting it into a smaller compass. The injury the diaphragm is subject to from blows which light just under the breast bone is very considerable, because the diaphragm is brought into a strong convulsive state which produces great pain and lessens the cavity of thorax, whereby the lungs are in a great measure deprived of their liberty and the quantity of air retained in them from the contraction of the thorax, through the convulsive state of the diaphragm, is so forcibly pushed from them that it causes great difficulty of respiration, which cannot be overcome till the convulsive motion of the diaphragm ceases. The scientific boxer may in some degree render the blows less hurtful on this part by drawing the belly, holding the breath and bending his thorax over his navel when the stroke is coming. Strength and science have both been mentioned as the two principal requisites for a boxer to possess, but there is another equally as necessary, and without which no pugilist can be complete—denominated bottom. In establishing bottom there are two things required—wind and spirit, or heart, or wherever you can fix the residence of courage. Wind may be obtained by a proper attention to diet and exercise, but it is spirit that keeps the boxer upon his legs. Without this substantial requisite both science and strength will avail a man but little. In tracing thus far anatomically the severe effects that blows have upon the human frame, and their ultimate consequences in quickly deciding a contest or of proving seriously dangerous, little doubt can be entertained but that by an attentive perusal of the foregoing remarks, persons, in becoming acquainted with those peculiarly sensitive parts, may be enabled, whenever occasion requires, to protect themselves from any threatened danger.

Dempsey was in his twentieth year when he arranged the first match and agreed to enter the orthodox 24-foot ring. Dempsey at this time was noted for his cheerful disposition, his readiness for a jamboree of any shape and his fearlessness of any biped who might offend him, regardless of height, weight or strength.

Among theistic celebrities of the 'Burg was Ed McDonald, a fellow of goodly proportions, standing 5 feet 7½ inches in height and weighing 130 pounds. Some gentleman on Staten Island had offered a purse of \$100 for McDonald and another pugilist to box for, but McDonald's partner had refused to fight. McDonald, who was slightly known to Dempsey, agreed to give him \$25 if he would agree to box him for the purse, stating that it was to be a fight to a finish, according to London prize ring rules.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



JAY GOULD'S FINE WORK HAS A FITTING RESULT.

THE RECENT DISTURBANCES ON THE SOUTH WESTERN RAILROAD BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE TYRANNY OF CAPITAL AND FOMENTED TO CONTROL STOCK OPERATIONS ON WALL STREET.

I.—Some of the 'Scabs' Drawn From Life. II.—Mrs. Egan Tries to Warn the Engineer of His Danger. III.—The Fight Near Fort Worth. IV.—Riding up a Wounded Officer.



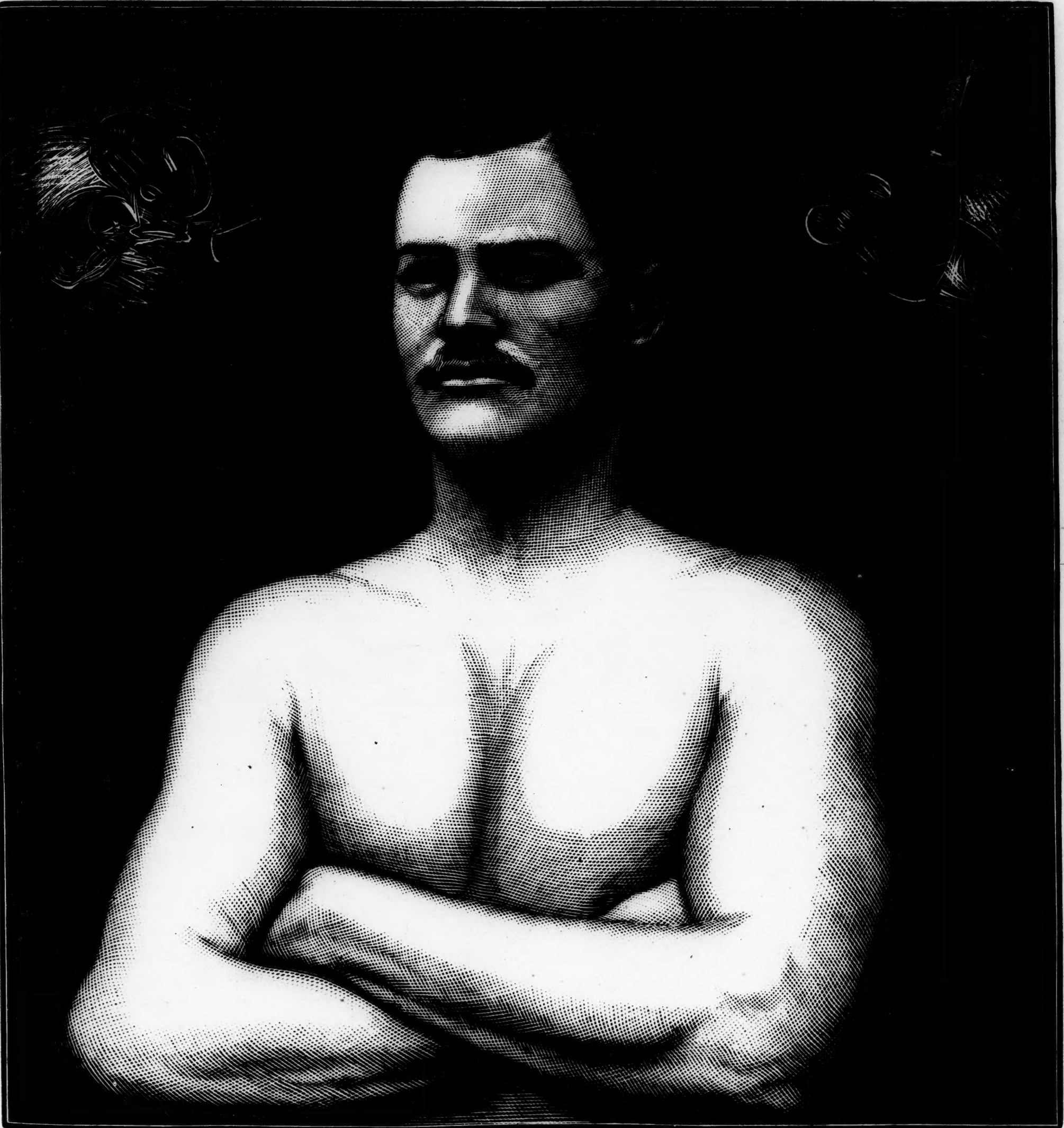
A PUT-UP JOB.

THE MORE OR LESS "REVEREND" PHILLIP KROHN FORMERLY OF ALBANY IS MADE THE VICTIM OF AN INGENIOUS CONSPIRACY TO RUIN HIM AT JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS.



SHE TUBBED HIM.

A VERY CHARMING YOUNG DAMSEL RESIDING IN LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, IS ATTACKED BY A MAD DOG OF WHICH SHE PROMPTLY DI-POSES.



DICK MATTHEWS,

THE WELL-KNOWN HEAVY-WEIGHT OF SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., WHO RECENTLY MADE A TOUR THROUGH NEW ZEALAND NEW SOUTH WALES AND WON VICTORY AFTER VICTORY.

THE PRIZE RING.

Jem Smith, England's Champion, Posts \$500 with "Bell's Life" and Challenges Sullivan to Meet Him for the "Police Gazette" Belt and \$5,000 a Side and the Championship of the World.

RICHARD K. FOX, SULLIVAN'S BACKER, CABLES A REPLY.

The principal topic in sporting circles at present in both hemispheres is the negotiations now being made for an international prize ring encounter between John L. Sullivan, champion of America, and Jem Smith, champion of England, for a match for \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight pugilistic championship of the world. After Smith fought Greenfield for the championship of England, on Feb. 16, 1886, a special cable report of which appeared in this paper, Smith's admirers were so carried away by his style of fighting, his science, courage, that they agreed to match him against John L. Sullivan. On Jan. 2, 1886, Smith sent the following to this office:

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
 DEAR SIR—Understanding that some time ago you published in the POLICE GAZETTE an offer of the diamond belt for any pugilist in the world to compete for, according to the new rules of the London prize ring. Not having read of any of the pugilists in America claiming or contending for the trophy, would you please inform me if I would be allowed to fight for the same and defend it against all comers. If the "Police Gazette" champion belt of the world is open to any pugilist in the world to fight for, please state in the next issue of your widely-read paper that I will be ready to fight the best man in the world, and I understand that is John L. Sullivan, of Boston, for £200 a side and the champion belt, or according to the rules governing the same. The fight to be decided on French soil, at a reasonable time from signing articles of agreement. I have so far an unobtainable certificate and hold the title of champion of England, having fought and won that title. Hoping to hear favorably from you, I remain,
 JAMES SMITH.

Sullivan was notified of Smith's offer, and the champion sent the following reply:

Boston, Jan. 19, 1886.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

In regard to the challenge issued by Jem Smith, the champion of England, to meet me or any man in the world, according to London prize ring rules, for £200 a side and the championship of the world, please forward the following to the *Sporting Life*, London: "I will be ready to arrange a match to meet Mr. James Smith, the champion of England, according to the rules of the London prize ring, with small gloves or without gloves, for any amount from \$2,500 to \$10,000 a side and the heavy-weight diamond champion belt of the world, which rules must govern the contest. The battle to be decided either in Ireland or the United States. If the former place is selected Smith must allow expenses, and if he agrees to meet me in this country I will allow him reasonable expenses. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and referee. If Smith's backers object to Richard K. Fox appointing the referee I will agree that the editor of the *Sporting Life*, London, with Richard K. Fox, agree upon that official. All that I require is a fair decision, fair play, and the best man win.

"JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
 "Champion pugilist of the world."

In the meantime the matter dropped until the following was received from the English champion:

CENTRAL CLUB, 105 CENTRAL ST.,
 LONDON, E. C., Jan. 25, 1886.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—I have this day seen in your *Sporting Life* a letter from "Jack Burke" which I can hardly allow to pass unnoticed. I beg to remind him through your paper that I have no inclination to compete in any "bogus matches" or tournaments, and only mean to adhere to the legitimate business, and give my backers and supporters a good run for their money. If he (Burke) really means straightforward business, which I much doubt, let him come over here and he will not only find me always ready to accommodate him in his own way and satisfy his ambition, but also many others of a second and third-class caliber who will be glad to give him a fair chance to show the public what sort of stuff he is made of. I have no wish to smother myself in the eyes of the world by a lot of paper talk. "Addition is made of sterner stuff," but prefer to earn my laurels on the battlefield in a more genuine manner. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

JAMES SMITH.

Champion of England.

As soon as Smith's backers were notified that Jack Burke's challenge was only a bluff, and that he would not arrange a match with Jem Smith and Jack Dempsey, and that he could not be backed for \$1,000 let alone \$5,000, Smith's backers, on learning these facts, decided to drop negotiations with Burke, and on Feb. 18 Smith, through George W. Atkinson of the *Sporting Life*, London, cabled that he was ready to meet Sullivan for £1,000 (\$5,000) and "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, representing the championship of the world. On receipt of this information Richard K. Fox sent Wm. E. Harding to Boston to meet Sullivan. On Feb. 19 Richard K. Fox's representative and the champion met, and Sullivan authorized Richard K. Fox to match him against Smith for £2,500 to \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt.

Wm. E. Harding returned from Boston Feb. 19, and after informing Richard K. Fox that John L. Sullivan was enjoying the best of health and not continually carousing, as malicious reports have stated, said he (Sullivan) was willing to meet Jem Smith for any amount of money.

The following letter was at once forwarded to Mr. George W. Atkinson of the *Sporting Life*:

The Champion of the World's Greeting to the Champion of England:

New York, Feb. 20, 1886.

In order to gratify the many admirers of athletic sports, who desire to witness fair and manly struggles for the supremacy between men aspiring to the title of champion of the prize ring, and in reply to the plucky, bold bid issued by Mr. James Smith, the champion pugilist of the English prize ring, to meet me face to face within the orthodox 24-foot ring and contend for the championship of the world and \$5,000 or \$10,000, I will make the following fair proposition: I will meet Jem Smith, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for the sum of \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, with small gloves, or if he or his backers object, without them. The contest to be decided six months from signing articles of agreement. In regard to the battle ground I prefer United States soil, and will allow Smith the sum of \$500 for expenses. If Smith consents to the agreement which is forwarded by my backer, Mr. Richard K. Fox, of New York, it can be signed and returned for my signature. John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought in April, 1880, on English soil and did not succeed in bringing the battle to a termination; therefore, I think I am justified in selecting the United States for the battle ground.

I am ready to defend the "Police Gazette" diamond belt against all comers, and all I ask is no favors but a fair field and may the best man win. Trusting the match will be promptly and satisfactorily arranged, I remain,
 JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
 Champion pugilist of the world.

The articles of agreement were sent with the above, but Smith's backers did not like the stipulations and refused to sign them. On March 29 Smith with his backers called at *Bell's Life* office, London, put up a forfeit of \$500 (or £100) and issued a challenge to meet Sullivan for £1,000 (\$5,000) a side. On the same day the following was cabled to this paper:

Richard K. Fox, backer of John L. Sullivan, New York:
Bell's Life holds one hundred pounds, posted by Jem Smith's backers, and Smith issues a challenge to fight Sullivan for one thousand pounds a side and "Police Gazette" belt and championship of the world. The battle to be fought in England in four months from signing articles, and *Bell's Life* to hold the stakes. Answer at once.
 GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

On receipt of the cable a copy was telegraphed to Richard K. Fox, who is in Charleston, S. C., by Wm. E. Harding, asking for instructions, and the following reply was received:

Allow Smith's expenses to come to the United States, and I will back Sullivan against Smith for from \$5,000 to \$20,000, "Police Gazette" belt and championship of the world. *Bell's Life* or *Sporting Life* can hold stakes.
 RICHARD K. FOX.

As soon as this information was made public in the New York *Herald*, *Sun*, *World*, *Times* and *Journal*, this office was besieged by sporting men anxious to ascertain the latest news.

On April 1 the following cablegram was received at this office from George W. Atkinson of the *Sporting Life*, London:

"James Smith will arrange match to fight John L. Sullivan in Ireland for one thousand pounds a side in six months; cable if accepted."
 GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

On receipt of the cable Wm. E. Harding sent Richard K. Fox a copy of the cable to Charleston, S. C., and forwarded the following to Sullivan, at Hamilton, Canada:

John L. Sullivan, with Letter & Allen Combination, Hamilton, Canada.

Received to-day cable dispatch from George W. Atkinson, of *Sporting Life*, London. Smith refuses to come to America, but agrees to make match for \$10,000 and championship of the world, to take place in Ireland. Shall I accept terms? Answer sure.
 RICHARD K. FOX.

per W. E. H.

The following was received from the champion in reply to Smith's offer to fight for £5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt:

HAMILTON, CAN., April 2, 1886.

Arrange no match to take place in England, Ireland or France. I hold the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, and I maintain that my backer, Richard K. Fox, being the donor of the belt, and myself as champion, have the right to name the battle ground. Cable that I will fight Smith for \$5,000, \$10,000 or \$20,000, which amount Richard K. Fox offers to put up, either in private or public. The battle must be fought in the United States or its Territories, and Smith's expenses shall be paid.

I will also guarantee that the English champion shall receive fair play. If these terms suit, answer: JOHN L. SULLIVAN, Champion Pugilist of the World.

Shortly after this dispatch was received Sullivan's terms were cabled to England. No one can blame the American champion for not crossing the Atlantic to meet the English champion.

On April 3, the following cable was sent:

Atkinson, *Sporting Life*, London:

Battle must be fought in America or Territories, Smith to receive £200 for expenses. Sullivan insists New Mexico or United States for battle ground. Cable his reply.

RICHARD K. FOX.

LONDON, April 2, 1886.

The following cablegram was also received:

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

Sullivan is foolish if he makes match through *Bell's Life* under present conditions. Little chance of successful issue. Birmingham as well as London mob behind Smith.

AN AMERICAN.

In an interview with the representative of Richard K. Fox, at Hamilton, Ontario, Sullivan said: "Smith's challenge to fight me in England is only a duplicate of my previous challenge to Smith, offering to fight in the United States for \$5,000. After the Greenfield-Smith fight in France the friends of the latter talked a great deal about matching him against me. Now, I have made Smith the fairest offer that any one can make another and I repeat it. If Smith will meet me on American soil my backer, Richard K. Fox, will allow him \$1,000 for expenses, and agrees, if Smith's backers will make the match for \$10,000, to allow him \$2,000 for expenses.

Could anything be fairer than this? This man has a right to come to America to fight me, if he desires to win the championship.

As to my chances with him—well, if he took so long to whip Greenfield, I think I can get away with him in good time. I don't know Smith, but I do know Greenfield. That reference to a fight in Ireland was only a bluff challenge—the country is so overrun with constabulary that no fight could take place there.

I hold the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt. If Smith wants to arrange a match and try to win the championship, he will have to come to America.

Sullivan holds the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship of the world, and Richard K. Fox will back him for any amount from \$500 to \$10,000 against all comers, but the battle must be decided in the United States, Indian Territory or New Mexico. After the unsatisfactory ending of the great battle between John C. Heenan, the champion of America, and Tom Sayers, the champion of England, for \$1,000 a side and the championship, at Farnborough, England, in April, 1880, neither Sullivan or his backer, Richard K. Fox, would dream of going across the Atlantic to engage in a contest, upon which, outside the stakes, fortunes would be wagered on the result, merely to have the ring broken in and a wrangle if the American champion was winning. After the scenes of violence that occurred in France when Smith was conquering Greenfield, how could any sane person dream of Sullivan meeting Smith in England? If our English cousins cannot bring off a titanic encounter properly and fairly for the championship of England, how could Sullivan and his backer think for a moment that an international battle between the representative champions of the old and new world for a fortune in bets would be permitted, especially if the American champion was winning? Smith would receive fair play in America, for Sullivan's backer would not countenance anything else. English champions have already fought on American soil and received fair play. Jem Mace received fair play when he met Tom Allen in New Orleans, La., in May, 1870, and he received fair play again when he fought Joe Coburn for \$5,000 and the world's championship at Bay St. Louis, Miss., in 1871. Smith, if he desires to arrange a match for the championship, will have to invade the United States, the same as John C. Heenan invaded England. Later negotiations will decide the matter. Sullivan is the champion, holds the belt, and, according to custom and rule, has the privilege of naming the battle ground.

At Butte City on March 17, the glove contest between

John P. Clow and Johnny Murphy, the so-called middle-weight champion of Montana, was to come off at the amphitheatre last evening, but didn't. Under the terms of the agreement Clow was to stop Murphy in 6 rounds—Queensbury rules. In other words he was to knock out the Montana man in that number of rounds. About an hour was spent in an endeavor to select a referee, but failing to agree upon any one person, the principals compromised the matter by each choosing one. Dunc. McDonald was selected as timekeeper. All the preliminaries smelled hippodromic—the best word to express the idea—but it was evident the crowd wouldn't have it. Three sets of 2-ounce gloves were thrown into the ring, two new pair and one old pair, the latter much lighter and thinner than the new ones. The Clow party wanted to use the old ones. The referees read the rules which distinctly stated that the gloves should be "new." Hayes kicked and wanted the old ones to select from, and finally agreed to toss up for choice. Referee Clifford told the crowd to go to the box office and get their money back. Then ensued a scene of confusion which beggars description. In five minutes the galleries were empty and their occupants on the floor of the rink howling for their money. Two or three hundred people rushed in from the outside and joined the crowd in yelling for "their" money. The men in possession of the box office couldn't tell an outsider from an insider nor a holder of a dollar and a half seat from the holder of a dollar seat. Here was a dilemma. Something had to be done. A consultation was had. Clow and Murphy had peeled off their fighting costume and donned their everyday wear. They were soon found and a new fight arranged. Dunc. McDonald was selected referee, and announced there would be no knock outs and that the fight would be for "general best." The men entered the ring, and without wasting time, stripped, shook hands, and the mill commenced. In the first round Murphy started in on the aggressive and planted several light ones on Clow's body, which were neatly countered by the Colorado man, but without much effect. Clow finally got in a right hander on Murphy's neck and sent him to grass. He got up groggy, and had not time been called just then Clow could have used him up in half a minute. The second, third, fourth and fifth rounds were characterized by rushes on the part of Clow, clinches by Murphy to avoid punishment, some neat sparring, laughing and talking by Clow, dodging and getting out of harm's way by Murphy and the absence of blood. When time was called for the sixth round Clow went after Murphy like a bull for a red flag. He hit him whenever and wherever he pleased, and clearly showed that he was complete master of the situation. Murphy got in a few body-blows on Clow, but they were "softs" and did no harm. When the round was finished, Murphy was reeling like a drunken man, his skinned mug showing the terrible punishment he received and evidencing what Clow could do with his man if he wanted to.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Paul Hines, Fred. Shaw and Dave Force have signed with the Washington Baseball Club.

Ned Langley defeated Ned O'Griffin in two rounds in the middle-weight boxing tournament at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, March 31.

Jack Dougherty had an easy time in defeating Martin Slafay at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on March 30, in a four round glove contest.

Alex. Geddiss of West Troy, N. Y., says he is ready to fight any man in the State for \$1,000 a side. His height, he writes, is 5 feet 11½ inches, his age is 17 years, and he weighs 185 pounds.

Mike Holland defeated Mike Higgins in a 4-round glove contest at Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, on March 25. Jess Moulton and Bob Kenny fought a draw. Gabby failed to appear to box with "Black Star."

Signor Henry Casella, the Prince of Fencers, has arrived in this city, and recently called at this office. The signor has fought eleven duels, and without doubt is the most expert swordsman and duelist in the world.

Joe Coburn and John Cusick posted \$100 and issued a challenge offering to match Dick Collier, who recently came from England, to meet Jack Ashton, according to the London prize ring or Queensbury rules, for \$500 a side.

Bob Jackson, champion colored amateur middle weight, will be tendered a benefit at the Roller Skating Academy, Greenville, N. J., on April 14. Prof. James Gaiger will wind up with Jackson, in a six-round glove contest.

The race for the Ascot Plate, for two-year-olds, at the Northampton Spring meeting, England, March 31, was won by Baron I. De Hirsch's bay colt Berber. The race for the great Northamptonshire stakes was won by Lord Harrington's four-year-old bay colt Sir Kenneth.

On March 29 John E. Sullivan, a professional baseball player, committed suicide at Grand Rapids, Mich., by taking morphine. He received injuries by falling from a balcony two years ago, which rendered him deaf and mentally unsound. He was no relation to the champion.

At Watkins, N. Y., on April 5, the glove contest between Harry Umble of New York city, and McGill took place. It was a brisk contest, and McGill was whipped in the second round. At the end the spectators plied into each other, and a lively rough-and-tumble fight ensued.

At Philadelphia, March 31, "Fatty" Langtry and Henry Anders fought with gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules. In the first round Langtry forced the fighting and swung repeatedly with both right and left, never stopping to rest until Anders was knocked out in 2 minutes 30 seconds.

The glove contest, four rounds, Queensbury rules, for a purse, between Billy Dacey of Brooklyn, and Marcellus Baker of Boston, was decided at Richmond, Va., on April 5. Dacey had decidedly the best of the affair, but not being able to stop or knock out Baker, the referee declared the contest a draw.

Edward Hanlan and John Teemer have notified Mr. Fox of their willingness to row in his international match to be held at Rockaway in August for the "Police Gazette" \$1,000 championship cup and \$5,000. W. E. Harding cabled to London yesterday that if Beach would enter Mr. Fox would allow him \$500 for expenses.—N. Y. Sun, April 5.

At Liverpool, Eng., March 25, the race for the Prince of Wales' cup was won easily by Mr. H. Hungerford's 4-year-old bay colt Brighton. The Duke of Portland's 4-year-old brown filly Satchel was second and Mr. W. J. Leigh's 5-year-old chestnut horse Cornelle third. There were 14 starters. The last betting was 9 to 4 against Brighton, 12 to 1 against Satchel and 14 to 1 against Cornelle.

Jack Dempsey, accompanied by Tom Cleary, Billy Madden, Jack Ashton, E. F. Mallahan, Joe Coburn, John Cusick and Dick Collier, called at this office on March 29. After Dempsey had read the rules governing the belt for the middle weight championship of America, he stated he was ready to meet Joe Ellingsworth any time the latter is ready to make a match for the belt and championship.

At the Academy of Music, Parkersburg, Va., on April 3, Eddy Boyle, light-weight champion of Philadelphia, and Tommy McDermott, middle-weight champion of Zanesville, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves, for gate money. Six rounds were fought, in all of which Boyle got in severe blows on McDermott's face and stomach, receiving but little punishment in return. At the end of the sixth round Boyle was declared the winner, his antagonist being pretty badly used up.

The New York "Sun," April 5, published the following: Gus Tuthill, Dempsey's backer, writes that Joe Ellingsworth's statement that he and Dempsey had changed the middle-weight rules to suit themselves, was not true. He says that 154 pounds is and always was the limit for middle-weight fighting according to London prize ring rules. If Ellingsworth wants to fight Dempsey, Tuthill adds, he has only to cover the \$1,000 now deposited at Richard K. Fox's office for a \$5,000 a side match.

Billy Young, of Baltimore, and Charles White, of Providence, were matched to fight under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, with two-ounce gloves, for \$250 a side. They met in a private room at Wilmington, Del., on March 25, and fought seven rounds. Young forced the fighting, and had decidedly the best of it, when White claimed a foul, which was not allowed. He refused to continue, and the referee gave the fight to Young. Jack Kilrain seconded Young, and Wm. Carroll officiated for White. The men weighed 147 pounds.

At Milwaukee, Wis., on April 5, Walter Campbell of Philadelphia, and Sam White of Chester, Pa., met in a hard glove contest for the light-weight championship and a purse of \$250. The sheriff was present and allowed the sport to go on. Both men were in excellent condition, Campbell fighting at 133 and White at 137 pounds. In the sixth round Campbell delivered two blows in quick succession on White's face and neck, staggering him. A third sent him spinning like a top, and ended in his falling heavily to the floor. As he failed to respond, the fight was given to Campbell.

The six-round glove contest between O. H. Smith, of Omaha, and Jack Keefe took place at the skating rink in Sioux City on March 30. William Gibbs seconded Smith, and Phil Reed, colored, seconded Keefe. A. W. Dickens was chosen referee and H. L. Leavitt and Dave McGrain, timekeepers. At the end of the sixth round the referee declared the fight a draw. Keefe objected to this decision and appealed to the crowd, which seemed to think that Keefe had won the match. It is understood that Smith also agreed that Keefe had the best of it, and it is probable the two settled the matter satisfactorily between themselves.

The following explains itself:
 I will fight any man in the world, barring John L. Sullivan, for any amount not exceeding \$2,500. Will fight within four months of signing articles. I stand 6 feet high, and my fighting weight is 180 pounds. I have appeared in the ring three times. I have challenged Pendergast and Burke several times, but received no answer from either. You will do me a favor by publishing this.
 Yours truly,
 H. H. LAWTON,
 Champion of Kansas.

Address, H. H. Lawton, Box 103, Richmond, Kansas.

A desperate fistio encounter was decided in a barn on March 31, at Plainville, just over the New Hampshire line. The battle was between Matt Sade, of Haverhill, Mass., who weighs 134 pounds, and Ira Maddocks, of Dover, N. H., who topped the scales at 148 pounds. The fight was for a purse of \$150 and the gate receipts from 150 tickets at \$2.50 apiece. Sade had the fight in his

hands from the start, but Maddocks was very gamey and would not give in until completely knocked out in the twenty-first round. Sade won first blood in the fifth round and first knock-down in the nineteenth. From that time to the finish the fight was brutal and sickening, both men being covered with blood and very weak.

Billy Madden, the backer of Jack Ashton, the Providence Wonder, called at this office and posted \$500, and let the following reply to Dick Collier's offer to fight Ashton for \$500 or \$1,000 a side:

New York, April 2, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

I am ready to back John Ashton, of Providence, to fight Dick Collier with small gloves, Queensbury rules, public or private, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, Richard K. Fox to be the final stakeholder, under the battle-ground and referee. Mike Conley, of Ithaca, N. Y., can be accommodated on the same terms under the conditions I propose. There is no prospect of a fizzle, for the stakes have to be fought for before they are given up.

BILLY MADDEN.

At Arthur Chambers' Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, on April 5, about 400 persons paid \$1 a head to witness the glove fight between Jimmy Mitchell, of this city, and Billy Frazier, of Boston. The conditions were to box five rounds, the first four of three minutes each and the last of five minutes, with a minute rest after each round. Frazier was attended by his brother, while Harry Hicklen looked after Mitchell. Tom Clark was selected as referee, and Arthur Chambers acted as timekeeper. The men relied on science throughout, and, though their blows were hard and frequent, there was an entire absence of slugging. The feature of the first round was an upper-cut by Mitchell, which knocked Frazier down. In the second round the fighting was fast and heavy all at long range. Mitchell several times tried with his right without success, but at last sent Frazier spinning. The latter almost immediately returned the compliment. In the third round it was fast fighting all the way through. Frazier took the lead in the fourth round, and at the close of the fifth was the stronger man. The referee decided the match a draw by giving each man the best of two rounds, forgetful of the fact that they had boxed for five rounds.

The following explains itself:

New York, March 25, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR—The Fire Department B. B. C. claim the amateur championship of New York city, and stand ready to defend its title before against all claimants. This club is entirely composed of uniformed members of the Fire Department doing actual service, playing ball only during their leaves of absence as a relaxation from their severe duties, and are therefore strictly amateurs. During the season of 1885, 27 games were played, winning 24, losing 2 to clubs, both of which were thereafter conquered, and forfeiting one, being forced to leave the field by the manifest and manifest unjustly adverse decisions of the umpire. The Fire Department B. B. C. here publicly challenge the New York Police B. B. C. to a series of games, that the much-disputed question of superiority may be decided. Metropolitan Park, 108th St. and 1st Ave. have been secured for 1886, and the season was opened there April 2 with the Allerton Club. Admission to games will be 20 cents. Clubs wishing dates will please address

CHARLES D. FURROY, 26 Chambers St.

After the backers of pugilists, wrestlers or any athletes put up stakes to be contended for in a race, match or any competition, they at once waive all right to the stakes posted until the match has been decided and they are either lost or won in a fair and manly contest. Some time ago the backers of James Taylor, of Philadelphia, County, Pa., and Matt Acton, of Philadelphia, posted \$500 a side in this office, agreeing that Richard K. Fox should be the final stakeholder and referee. By accident, quite unavoidable, the referee selected journeyed to Philadelphia, near Easton, instead of Philadelphia, County, Pa., and he at once notified both principals. They refused to postpone or declare the match off, but each contestant selected a referee and the men wrestled nearly three hours without either winning a fall. The referee postponed the match until the day following, when they agreed to resume the contest. Instead of deciding the match they had a wrangle, and each, we understand, claimed the stakes. Now, knowing that hundreds of persons were interested in this contest and had backed both Acton and Taylor, instead of awarding the stakes to either or returning the \$1,000 deposited with the stakeholder, we have decided that Acton and Taylor must wrestle according to the articles of agreement they signed, either in New York or Philadelphia, on Monday, April 26, 1886. The party failing to comply will forfeit the stakes.

Wm. McMahon's racing stables, at Parkdale, L. I., caught fire on April 4. McMahon's six runners, Reva, Keokuk, Spartacus, Counterfeit, Perilous and Charley Kempland, and a valuable road horse, were in the stable, and he wasn't long in getting there. He found the building full of smoke, and flames were pouring around the stables where Reva and Charley Kempland were kept. Trainer John McDonald had succeeded in getting out all the horses but Reva, which Mr. McMahon prized more than all the rest. Reva wouldn't leave her stall, and Mr. McDonald was forced to come out with his coat burning and his hair singed. After Charley Kempland was let out he fell down, and was unable to get up. He was burned so badly that McMahon shot him. Counterfeit ran up the Boulevard with his blanket on fire. Spartacus ran out into the yard, his blanket also on fire, but he laid down and rolled himself out of it. Both horses had their hair nearly all burned off, and the sight of one of Counterfeit's eyes was destroyed. The other horses, including the road horses, escaped without injury. Mr. McMahon said his loss would be about \$15,000. He bought Reva at Lorillard's sale on Feb. 27 for \$3,400. She was a chestnut two-year-old by Mortimer, dam Squeezed 'Em by Lexington. She has never run yet, but she was entered for the principal stakes at Jerome Park, Sheepshead Bay and Long Branch. The building was 60 feet square, with eight stalls and a saddle room. Five stable boys were in the saddle room when the fire broke out. McMahon could not account for the origin of the fire.

There is every prospect of an international single scull race, to take place in this country, between Beach, Teemer and Hanlan, for a championship trophy and a purse of \$5,000, as will be seen by the following dispatch from Richard K. Fox received at this office:

JACKSONVILLE, Florida, April 3, 1886.

Wm. E. Harding, *Sporting Editor*:

I see that Beach has sailed for England. Make the following announcement to all owners.

I will give a purse of five thousand dollars and trophy to represent the single-scull championship of the world for an international single-scull race. The purse to be decided as follows: First prize, \$3,000; second, \$1,200; third, \$500; fourth, \$300. In order that William Beach, who now holds the title of champion of the world, may be induced to enter the race, I will give him \$500 for the race. The race to be 4 miles, with a turn, and to be governed by the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Each contestant will start from buoys anchored 100 feet apart, and return buoys the same distance apart at the end of the 2 miles. The referee, judges and time-keepers to be appointed by Richard K. Fox. The race will take place in the vicinity of New York city, between the first and fifteenth of August, 1886. All entries to be made on or before July 25. *POLICE GAZETTE* office. Notify Hanlan, Teemer, Ross, Gauldard and Hosmer at once, and issue official circular.

RICHARD K. FOX.

The following dispatch was sent to Hanlan:

APRIL 3, 1886.

Richard K. Fox has decided to offer the "Police Gazette" trophy representing the championship of the world, value \$1,000, and purse of \$5,000, divided as follows: \$3,000 to first, \$1,200 to second, \$500 to third, \$300 to fourth and allow Beach \$500 for expenses to row in America. What month will be most convenient after June, for you to enter. Answer at once. Wm. E. HARDING.

A copy of the above was also sent to Teemer.

In reply the following was received:

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

It has always been the case, in my experience, that no matter how fairly a man has been beaten in a contest, whether on land or water, he will offer lame excuses that he was sick, did not receive fair play, or something of that nature.

Every one who witnessed the contest fought at Larchmont, N. Y., on March 14, is well aware that Dempsey only had three friends at the ring side, except his seconds, on the day of the battle.

George Thompson, of Portland, Oregon; Alfred Golcourt and Mark Maguire were his only bodyguard.

Le Blanche had nearly thirty out of the thirty-seven present, viz., Bloodgood, of Providence; Al Smith, Dick Roche, Tom Boque, Bob Morris, Jim Fisher, Wm. Knapp, Dr. Ordway, John Pollock, and the balance of the thirty-seven present.

I am sure those present witnessed Dempsey fairly conquer Le Blanche and punish him until he was unable to stand, and witnessed Dempsey hold him up when he fell beaten out of all semblance of humanity.

I am certain that it is also well known that neither the managers of the affair, and betting men who were financially interested, would permit Jere Dunn to be present, although Dempsey, according to the conditions, was allowed to select five men, and insisted that Jere Dunn should be one of them.

He was informed if Jere Dunn was present the contest should not take place, and, being anxious to have the contest decided, he begged Dunn to keep away.

I cannot imagine why Dunn's presence was objected to, many will say who know him, because he had a perfect right to be present as long as Dempsey selected him.

I know the reason, and when I state that there was a ring formed—yes, a syndicate—who were to flood the betting market, with money at 100 to 80 on Le Blanche.

Every one wondered why there was so much money put out or offered on Le Blanche, and certain sporting men had commissions to bet thousands.

Dempsey upset the kettle; he went to the St. James Hotel and exposed the affair, which stopped the betting of so much money on Le Blanche.

Dispatches were sent to parties at all four points of the compass, that Jere Dunn was going to see Dempsey had fair play, and not to put out any more money until they heard later.

Jere Dunn was aware that he was not wanted from the moment he declared in the St. James Hotel that he would see Dempsey receive fair play no matter if there was a regiment at the ring in Le Blanche's interest.

Dunn is afraid of nothing—he is a true friend, and no one is better posted on sporting men's plots. He was with Dempsey at New Orleans, knew he could beat Le Blanche if he received fair play, and he decided if he could reach the ring side that he should have his rights, and that Dempsey should not be cheated or treated unfairly if there were a dozen men to do the dirty work.

After the battle was over Alfred Golcourt was written to pay \$100 because he was a member of the New York Athletic Club, but Dempsey refused to see him mulcted by the party who demanded the money, whose name we withhold for private reasons.

Dempsey said: "He is one of my friends, in place of my friend, Jere Dunn."

After all these startling facts the public did not know before, I come across a long letter written by Le Blanche, which has been published, strange to say, without comment.

Le Blanche says: "According to the last agreement, we were to fight on March 11, at a place to be designated by the donors of the purse. I left for New York the day previous to the date set for the battle. On the evening of the 11th Dempsey and myself, with five friends each, were dispatched for Harrison.

"On arriving there, however, we found present the worst gang of cutthroats that could be discovered in a day's travel, all 'heeling' for Dempsey."

I was present and the cutthroats were such men as A. Wright Sanford, Benny Williams, Alfred Golcourt, James Gladwin, John Pollock, Al Smith, Lush Appleby, Dary Johnson, David Blanchard, Charley Reid and that stripe.

"I was driven from place to place for three days and kept from exercising, while Dempsey stopped at his home and continued training quietly. The hustling about necessarily threw me all 'out of fix.'"

I know Dempsey was put through the same course of sprouts but did not complain because it was useless.

"The donors of the purse wanted to declare the match off, and literally offered to pay all my training and other expenses and send me home, feeling satisfied that Dempsey did not mean fight."

I am certain there is no truth in this statement, for Dempsey was more ready to fight than Le Blanche.

"Dempsey's friends erected the ring, which was 25x24½ feet. This gave him ample opportunity to make a running fight of it."

It was not Dempsey's friends who put up the ring, but the party selected by the manager. Again he says: "Dempsey had his own gloves, which were of the thinnest kind possible to secure, and refused to use other than them. I was forced to wear heavy calfskin gloves, which threw me at some disadvantage. I have always been called by my enemies a foul fighter, and that caused more or less prejudice, which forced me to be very careful in all my movements."

Le Blanche used his own gloves and Dempsey does the same; nothing could have been fairer.

He says again: "The referee informed us that whenever we fought to a clinch he would say 'break,' and the man who struck a blow on parting would lose the fight on a foul. This made me fearful lest I might disobey orders, and as soon as I heard the word 'break,' I invariably dropped both hands by my side and stepped back, prepared to renew hostilities. Dempsey made a running fight, and kept me chasing him all over the ring, trying to get near him."

Now, every even-minded man is aware that the referee had no power to change the rules at the time Dempsey and Le Blanche clinched, and the referee should have ordered them to break; all Dempsey had to do was to break away and resume the contest, which he did by knocking Le Blanche down, which was perfectly proper.

Le Blanche did not know the rules, or else he was caught napping.

I have been informed that the referee had money wagered on Le Blanche, and he would never have filled the position only that Alfred Golcourt was responsible for him.

As it was, O'Neil was going to allow the alleged foul, but Golcourt ordered him to order the men to fight on.

Again he says: "Dempsey's advantage in height and reach gave him a chance to keep jabbing me in the face with his left without getting a return. I consider that it was anybody's fight up to the tenth round, with chances in my favor, as Dempsey was rapidly losing the use of his legs."

Le Blanche was never in the race after the third round, and even Al Smith, one of his strong supporters, admitted Dempsey would win after the fourth round had been fought.

Le Blanche further says: "Before our fight I thought I could whip Dempsey; now I know I can whip him, and will fight him under the same conditions as our last meeting, the battle ground to be within one hundred miles of Boston, instead of at Dempsey's own door. If this fails to meet with Dempsey's views, I will box him with such gloves as the law will allow, six rounds, Queensbury rules, in any city where a public exhibition will be tolerated, and allow the public to judge who is the better man; the net proceeds of the entertainment to be devoted to any charitable institution in New York or Boston that may be decided upon by tossing a coin for choice."

Dempsey is now looked upon as the phenomenon of the prize ring. He can fill any hall he desires to exhibit in, and does not consider Le Blanche any attraction; therefore, he will not agree to make a show of himself for Le Blanche's benefit.

The champion of the imitation of this paper says: "I have this day deposited \$250 in the hands of the gentleman who held the stakes for our last meeting, and earnestly 'hope' Dempsey will not hesitate in coming forward like a man and affording me an opportunity of gaining the title of 'middle-weight champion of America,' which he is not capable of holding."

On April 10, at Commodore Hall, Dempsey will be presented with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the middle-weight championship of the world.

To hold this trophy he will have to meet all comers at weight not exceeding 154 pounds, for any sum from \$1,000 to \$5,000, at the option of the holder.

If Le Blanche desires to meet Dempsey, he will have to meet him according to the rules governing the same, as Dempsey has decided to hold the trophy according to these rules.

Dempsey came nearly losing the stakes posted in his match with Le Blanche, if Wm. Wright, better known as Roaring Bill, had been dishonest, or inclined to keep them, when the party, who Le Blanche terms the "same gentleman," handed them to him while under the weather.

Under these circumstances, Dempsey would not have him for stakeholder.

In the last match Dempsey had to give Le Blanche all his own terms, and not only to cope with Le Blanche but against a rig.

Dempsey is now the champion, and can dictate his own terms, no matter what the imitation of this paper may scribble.

Every now and again I come across long screeds written by somebody, or, in a sporting vein, nobody, styling himself Macon. This wisecrack knows all about the boxers, and sometimes before a match is made, and upon no authority, he will tell you Jack is going to do this, or John L. is going to do this.

After the boxing match between Jack Dempsey and Pete McCoy this genius was very loud spoken, and he made all kinds of remarks about how Dempsey would not conquer McCoy before the men met, and after, he claimed the referee's decision was an unfair one.

Prior to the Dempsey and Le Blanche battle, Macon wrote: "I think now that he has a hard job cut out for him when he meets the 'Marine.' By the way, I met Le Blanche for the first time at this fight, and I was much impressed with his looks. Dempsey may outgeneral him, but I am much mistaken if he does not have to hit him much harder than he hit McCoy if he whips him. Stick a pin in this prediction, which is supported by the judgment of Al Smith, Barney Aaron and Arthur Chambers."

I think those who stuck a pin in the prediction have come to the conclusion that I arrived at several years ago, that this Macon knows nothing about boxers or boxing.

If he does, his judgment is very poor, for he is always wrong.

By the way, many have from time to time inquired who is Macon.

His name is McCormick, and he was formerly connected with the *Enquirer*.

He filled the position of referee when Charley Mitchell and Dominick McCaffrey boxed in Madison Square Garden, and decided that McCaffrey won, which decision was denounced by the majority of those present as unjust.

And yet, with stain on his brow which will never be eradicated, he has the assurance to question the decision of Mike O'Leary, in the McCoy and Dempsey contest, and rates Prof. O'Neil's (of the New York Raquette Club) battle with Le Blanche.

Every one present, who is not prejudiced, is well aware Dempsey outboxed McCoy, and would have knocked him out only that he was requested not to do so, while no one can question the decision Prof. O'Neil gave in the Le Blanche and Dempsey battle, and any one who is conversant with the "Police Gazette" rules, will allow that Dempsey committed no foul.

I think any even minded, sensible man will come to the conclusion that Macon's opinions are not worth much and his decisions far less.

Probably, he does not desire to let the public know his name, and that is why he writes under a non descript name.

The large sums now paid to successful riders act prejudicially on sport. The man with whom racing is a business, pure and simple, leaves no stone unturned to bring about the result he so much desires.

When he and his party stand to win a large stake, a few hundred more or less do not seem of much account.

They want the best jockey they can get; they must pay his price, just as a litigant must pay heavily for the retaining of a famous advocate—whose services, by the way, are not invariably forthcoming; while, to further stimulate his exertions, the jockey, if successful, receives a sum that appears to outsiders to be altogether out of proportion to the value of the stake to be run for.

Such largesses, it is plain, can only be paid by owners who bet heavily, and this is where the hardship comes in. The owner who is so far quixotic as to race for the sport of the thing, or who only bets to the amount of a few dollars, has to look to the stakes only as a set-off against his expenses, hence his presents must be on a more moderate scale than those of the heavily betting owner.

But on the turf, as in other matters, one man's money is as good as another's and there are few jockeys who take a greater pleasure in riding for a man who does not bet than for one who does. In other words, there are few who prefer a smaller present to a large one.

The "Sporting Man's Companion" contains all the base ball records and averages of all the clubs. By mail 25 cents.

A GREAT BATTLE

Between Jack Brady and Dick Matthews, of Australia, for the Championship of the Pacific Coast.

One of the most desperate battle encounters ever fought on the Pacific Coast was decided on March 28, between Jack Brady, the Pacific Coast heavy-weight champion, and Dick Matthews, the California boy who won so many battles in Australia and New Zealand, at Berkeley Station, Contra Costa county, California. The match came about in this way: Brady wanted to meet Matthews, but he had no backers. A purse of \$250 was put up by Matthews against the gold belt Brady held, which represented the championship of the coast. To make the affair a certainty, and to insure a respectable reward to the winner, the attendance was limited to fifty, and the tickets put at \$5. The tip was for the 9:30 A. M. boat, and the party purchased tickets for West Berkeley. To this point they were followed by the Alameda county sheriff, but the Contra Costa county line proved a barrier, and he and his posse returned, while the sports mounted various impromptu vehicles at the rate of fifty cents a head, and proceeded to a barn within a couple of miles of Stege's Station.

The ring was pitched on the level of the barn floor, and was 20 feet square. Matthews was seconded by Charley Taylor and Tom Johnson, Billy Delaney and Jim Toland seconded Brady, while Charley Mitchell was the referee.

Brady was the favorite at \$100 to \$70. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, with small gloves. At the first call of time Brady danced up full of life, and did not lose a second in getting to work. His first three leads were totally without response from Matthews, but they were light and had no effect, although they all landed where they were meant for. The fourth was meant to be nasty, but Matthews made a quick awkward dodge, and the force of non-resistance, aided by a back-handed slap from Matthews, carried the champion to his knees. He was up in a second, and came back with a wicked rush that sent Matthews on the ropes. Then Brady hammered him with right and left until he pounded him down. When Matthews got up Brady repeated, Matthews going down the second time under a clip that nearly tore his ear off, the lobe being split up and well into the cartilage. A third time Brady panned the Australian, and sent him to earth under a shower of blows that would have felled an ox, but every time Matthews coolly sat through the limit of his ten seconds and smiled. First blood was claimed and allowed for the champion, and Matthews' supporters looked a little blue at his lack of defense and Brady's apparent ability to get home whenever he tried. On the second call of time Brady again opened, and speedily fought Matthews down in his (Brady's) corner. This put Matthews at more of a disadvantage than ever, and Brady knocked him down twice with a clean one, two, three of left and right on each occasion. The champion's blows were terrible, but Matthews took them like so much taffy. In rising he displayed his first cleverness, and Brady was never able to reach him until he was well on his feet and ready to receive him. After his third contact with the grass Matthews did his first fighting, throwing his right twice with a force that fetched the claret in streams from Brady's mouth and nose. Then the latter rallied, and fought Matthews down again, but Dick was as good as ever, and closed the round with some terribly punishing infighting, in which there was no science displayed, but any one of the blows landed would have done an ordinary man. Brady attempted to force the fighting in the third round, but his poke into Matthews' stomach was scarcely noticed, and the latter went at him with a great rush. Brady lolled on the ropes for a few seconds, receiving frightful punishment, and only made his escape with a desperate push, that sent Matthews down. The Australian was up and at him almost instantly, and showered blows on his jaw and neck that staggered Brady, and caused him to retreat around the ring, being followed and hammered at Matthews' sweet will until he fetched up on the ropes, where Matthews held him at left arm's length and pounded him with his right until the welcome call of time sent both to their corners. Both men looked like butchers after a sheep-killing match by this time, and the two-ounce gloves were so soaked with gore that it splattered and speckled the faces of all within range at every blow. Then time was called for the fourth time, Matthews began to send them home as he pleased. Like twin trip-hammers, as far as regularity and force was concerned, Matthews landed his left on Brady's neck and sent his right into his stomach and short ribs. Brady went down three times under the relentless onslaughts, and the last time he got up resorted to close quarters, with the result that a series of clinches marred what had hitherto been a perfectly fair stand-up-give-and-take fight. About the third of these clinches, Brady had a neck-hold on Matthews, and was endeavoring to stop his hands from working. This he was unable to do, however, and a terrible poke in the stomach sent him to grass, but in his fall he dragged Matthews with and on top of him. This was the signal for a wild break from Brady's corner, the crowd cutting the ropes and rushing in with loud claims of foul. Charley Mitchell was a whole host in the emergency. In an incredibly short space of time he had the principals vied in their chairs, and then he drove the threatening yelling crowd out of the ring with a single dash. "Do you want to go on?" he asked of the principals, and both giving an affirmative, he promptly set them to work. The half minutes' rest seemed to do wonders for Brady, and he went for Matthews with a bulldog fierceness and determination that carried everything before it, and raised several very unpretty welts on Matthews' countenance. The latter seemed pretty groggy at the close, and Brady's stock began to rise. The cheering words of his constituents braced him for a final effort, and in the fifth round he took a clean knock-down from Matthews with a good grace, and then got up and began to slug with right and left. He had a big advantage in having Matthews in his (Brady's) corner, and as fast as Matthews could get up Brady punched him down. Brady's fighting was perfectly fair, but some of the people behind him tried to help him out a little without being detected by the referee. Seven times Matthews was knocked down, and if blood was any indication he was a beaten man. But it wasn't, and when time was called Matthews came up as fresh as paint, while Brady had fought his fight out, and had completely done for himself in hammering at the piece of human iron in front of him. After pounding the champion on the ropes for a full minute, with scarcely a return, Matthews let him get away, and then downed him with a left-hander. Brady struggled bravely in time to save himself, but had scarcely put up his props before Matthews landed his right on Brady's neck with a mighty crash. The latter went down like a log, and although he was game enough to try to get up, the effort was not within human endurance, and after a single groan he rolled over, face down, and went calmly to sleep. It was hard work to get him into his bunk in an adjoining building, but it was finally effected, and he was still unconscious in the sleep that follows exhausted nature when the party left at 2:30 P. M. Matthews, on the contrary, took a shower and a rub down, and after pasting a bit of plaster on his broken ear and applying a few leeches to his numerous contusions and swellings, was able to climb to the top seat of a bay wagon and leave for the train. He visited Brady before leaving, and paid him a high compliment as a fair fighter and a hard hitter, and the two shook hands as heartily as though they were brothers. At the depot some of the losers offered to bet a thousand dollars that Brady, with proper training, could do the new champion with bare knuckles, but they found such ready acceptance from Jack Seymour that no money was put up.

On April 5 at St. Louis, Dan Daly beat Arthur Flint in a glove contest for a purse of \$1,000, subscribed by fifty gentlemen. In 26 rounds, lasting 1 hour 45 minutes. Daly weighed 142 pounds and Flint 144. George Gore, of the gymnasium, was referee. Tom Keely and William Bradburn looked after Daly, and Charles Woods and Jim Caney seconded Flint. The men fought in kid gloves, Queensbury rules. Both men were badly punished. Flint kept his head out of the way, but his body was a sorry spectacle. Daly's face was cut in half a dozen places, and his eyes were closed. The winner received \$1,000 and the loser a purse of \$100 collected from the spectators. Two months ago they fought an 8-round fight and Daly won.

P. A. Dempsey and Dan Galanaugh, the well-known Philadelphia oarsmen, have signed articles of agreement for a three mile single scull race for \$1,000 a side, to be rowed under the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock on the afternoon of May 22. On May 1 the referee will be selected and an additional deposit of \$300 a side made. The final deposit of \$500 a side will be made on May 15, one week before the race, when the final stakeholder will be selected. The course over which the race is to be rowed is yet to be agreed upon, but it is probable that the National course, on the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, will be selected, in which case there will be one turn. Both men are well-known scullers, and each has many enthusiastic backers. Betting will be very heavy. The articles of agreement were drawn up by Frank Henderson, who took care to provide for almost every emergency.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the *POLICE GAZETTE*, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

D. G., Boston.—No.
B. S., Roanoke.—Yes.
D. N., Boston, Mass.—No.
D. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—No.
D. B., Red Wing, Minn.—A wins.
S. W. B., Halifax, N. S.—In 1867.
SUSCRIPTION, Hot Springs, Ark.—No.
E. T., Baltimore, Md.—Sept. 19, 1885.
M. M., New York City.—The bet is a draw.
G. F., New Haven, Conn.—1. No. 2. A wins.
M. M., New York.—A greyhound is the fastest.
P. E., Austin, Texas.—We do not know the address.
C. M., Charlotte, N. Y.—A stone is equal to 14 pounds.
W. L. B., Stamford, Conn.—A wins; both are professionals.
C. J., Columbus, O.—Paddy Ryan never fought Joe Coburn.
D. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—Henry W. Beecher was born in 1813.
G. L., Decatur, Ala.—A wins, Jack Sheppard was a pedestrian.
S. K., Syracuse, N. Y.—In some cities such places are licensed.
D. P. K., Fall River.—Thanks. We have a correspondent in your city.

W. C. F., Delano, Cal.—We have no record of what you mention.
J. S., San Francisco.—Le Blanche and Dempsey fought for \$3,500.

A. M., Fall Brook, Pa.—Patrick S. Gilmore's band is considered the best.

M. M., Cleveland, O.—Dan Kerrigan, the pugilist, died in this city March 24, 1875.

C. A., Beadville, Mass.—John Morrissey's colors were silk, blue ground with white dots.

A. M., St. Paul, Minn.—Josh Ward, the first champion oarsman of America, is still living.

M. S., Liberty, N. Y.—John C. Heenan died Oct. 28, 1873, at Green River Station, W. T.

W. G., Boston.—1. William Beach beat Hanlan twice. 2. Both races were rowed in Australia.

SUSCRIPTION, Brighton Park, Ill.—Seven hundred and fourteen Washington street, Boston, Mass.

J. P., Bridgeport, Conn.—Aaron Jones, the English pugilist, died at Leavenworth, Ind., Feb. 16, 1880.

D. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—Send 25 cents to this office and we will mail you "The Sporting Man's Companion."

J. E., New Orleans, La.—Send for "The American Athlete." It will give you all the information you require.

D. S., Providence, R. I.—On Aug. 1, 1880, Dutchman trotted 3 miles, in 1:32½, at the Beacon track, New York.

M. A., Fairmount, Md.—Joe Goss never fought Tom Sayers. 2. Joe Acton weighs in condition about 140 pounds.

J. W., Olean, N. Y.—John C. Heenan only fought three times in the prize ring, with Morrissey, Sayers and King.

P. St. Louis, Mo.—Edmund Kean made his debut at the Anthony street theatre, this city, in November, 1820.

W. G., Port-theater, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Charles O. Walton, the champion roller-skater, holds the 5-mile championship.

C. D., Del Rio, Texas.—Send 30 cents to this office for "The Champions of the Prize Ring." It contains his battles.

B. S., Salamanca.—1. Frank Frayne's wife died a natural death. 2. Bueden, the stallion, died on Nov. 22. He broke down in 1874.

E. B., Chicago, Ill.—Hindoo won the Tennessee Stakes at Louisville, Ky., in 1880. 2. Edwin Hibbs, the wrestler, is an Englishman.

M. S., Burkhardt, Ill.—The old Academy of Music of New York city was capable of seating 2,833, and crowded it would hold 4,000.

J. J., Bangor, Me.—Cooke, the light-weight pugilist, obtained the sobriquet of "Funny" when a child, from the habit he had of always laughing.

W. S., Deadwood, Dakota.—1. Harry Hill held the stakes, \$5,000, when Sullivan and Ryan fought. 2. 9 rounds in 11 minutes at Mississippi City.

D. L., New York.—1. No. 2. On Feb. 16, 1862, General Grant captured Fort Donelson with over 13,000 prisoners after four days of tremendous fighting.

S. H. L., Florence, Wis.—Mike Donovan was matched to fight George Rooke for the middle-weight championship in May, 1880, but the match ended in a fizzle.

R. A., Saratoga.—John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, was born Oct. 15, 1858. 2. Baseball pitchers all have different ways and styles of pitching, so that it is impossible to decide.

S. W., New Haven, Conn.—The best roller skating record for five miles is 16m. 2s., made on thirteen-lap track, Brooklyn, N. Y., in a race with Fred W. White, of Boston, March 11, 1886.

D. D., Melrose, N. Y.—1. James Wenden is about 36 years of age. He was born on May 10, 1850, at Kental, England. 2. He stands 5 feet 5½ inches in height, and weighs in condition 125 pounds.

B. B., Detroit, Mich.—1. John M. Cannon's (of Cincinnati O.), best lift on the health machine is 1,250. 2. It was the Harvard College baseball nine that won the baseball championship in 1878.

D. S., New Haven, Conn.—Charles O. Walton won the diamond belt, representing the 5-mile roller-skating championship of the world, at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 13, 1886, beating eighteen competitors.

H. S., Hartford, Conn.—The best horse-shoe making record was made by John P. Silk, of Cincinnati, in December, 1877, he turning 100 shoes in 2 hours 33 minutes and 30 seconds. This record has heretofore been unequalled.

D. M., Toledo, O.—Ed. Price and Joe Coburn fought, according to London prize ring rules, at Spy Pond, near Boston, Mass., May 1, 1856, for \$300. The battle ended in a draw. One hundred and sixty rounds were fought in 3 hours and 30 minutes.

W. S., Kansas City.—In the Dempsey-Le Blanche fight each side showed two pairs of kid driving gloves. They were worn merely to evade the law. They simply covered the knuckles and made the latter harder if anything than they would have been with out them.

L. M. C., Baltimore, Md.—1. James A. Garfield was inaugurated President on March 4, 1881. He was shot on July 2, 1881, by Chas. J. Guiteau at Washington, D. C. He died on Sept. 19, 1881, at Long Branch. 2. On Sept. 20 of same year Chester A. Arthur was inaugurated President.

A. P. M., New York City.—Poole, William, fought John Morrissey on Amos street dock, New York, July 27, 1854. He was fatally shot during an affray with Louis Baker, Jim Turner and others at Stanwix Hall, New York, just before 1 A. M. He died March 8, 1855, and was buried March 11.

W. W., Rome, N. Y.—George Brown, the oarsman, beat A. Biglin in a five-mile race in Canada in 1873. He defeated William Schaff of Pittsburg, at Springfield, Mass., July 8, 1874, in a race for \$1,000 a side and the championship of America. He beat Evan Morris for \$2,000 the championship of America, Sept. 6, 1874.

G. A., Trenton, N. J.—1. Lincoln was first elected President on Nov. 6, 1860. 2. On April 14, 1865, Booth assassinated President Lincoln, and he died at 7:22 next morning. Booth was not discovered until April 25, when he was found in a barn in Virginia, and refusing to surrender was shot and died in four hours.

W. R., Rochester, N. Y.—The Smoky City is a name sometimes given to Pittsburg, an important manufacturing city of Pennsylvania. 2. The "Hub of the Universe" is a burlesque and popular designation of Boston, Mass., originating with the American humorist, Oliver Wendell Holmes. 3. The Washington monument erected at Washington, D. C., is 555 feet high.

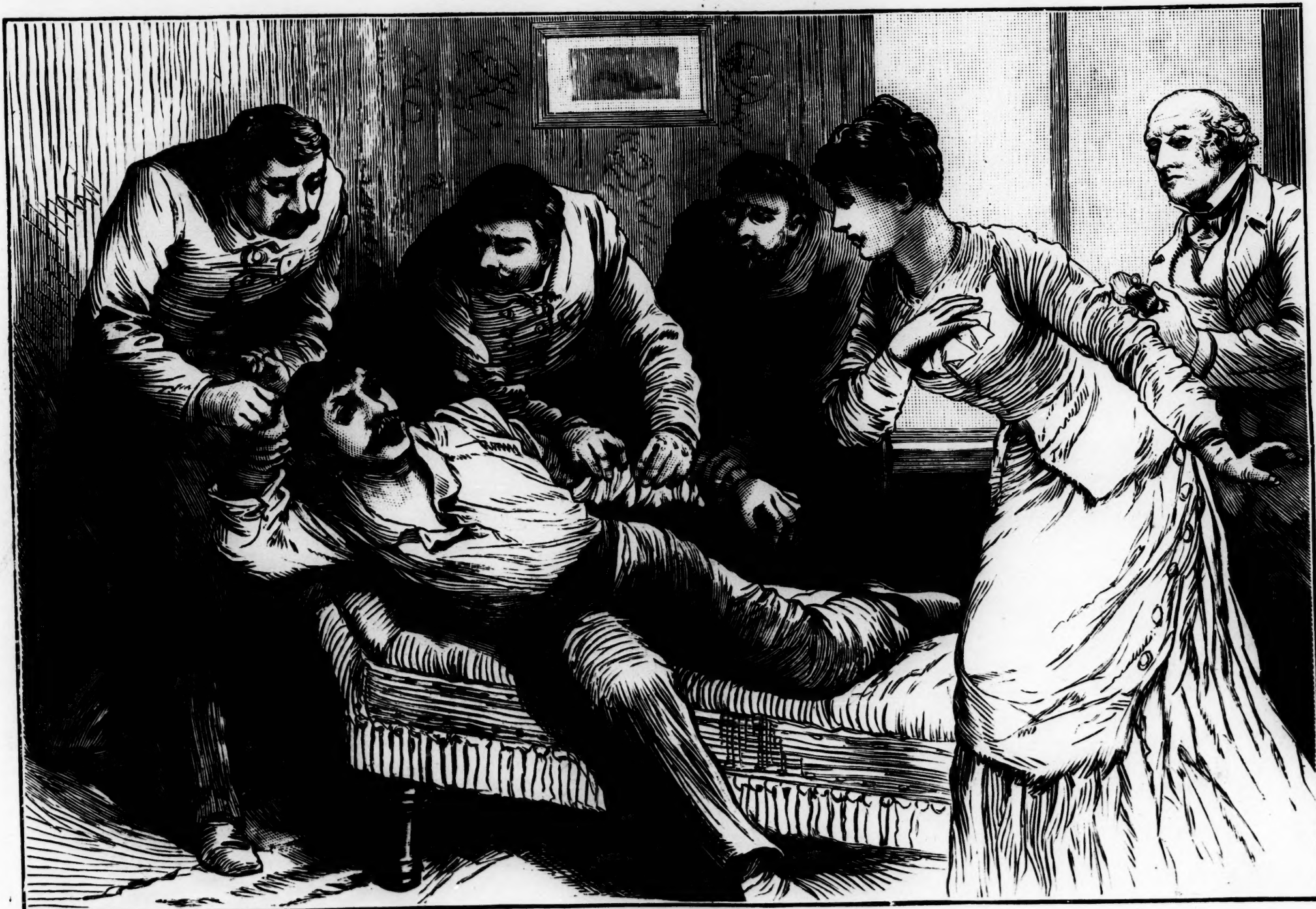
J. W., Louisville, Ky.—1. The great Yorkshire stables were run on Aug. 27, 1885, and King Monmouth, with 122-pound up, won. 2. The distance is one mile and three-quarters. As a two-year-old King Monmouth did well, he winning six out of seven races, viz.: The Zetland stakes at York, in May; the Kirkcaldy Biennial and the Redcar Two-year-old stakes at Redcar, in August; the Great Breeders' Convivial Produce stakes at York, in August; the Prince of Wales Nursery handicap at Doncaster, in September, and the Inauguration Nursery handicap at Leicester, in October, the combined value of which was \$2,507.

(A number of answers to correspondents are unavoidably left over until next week.)



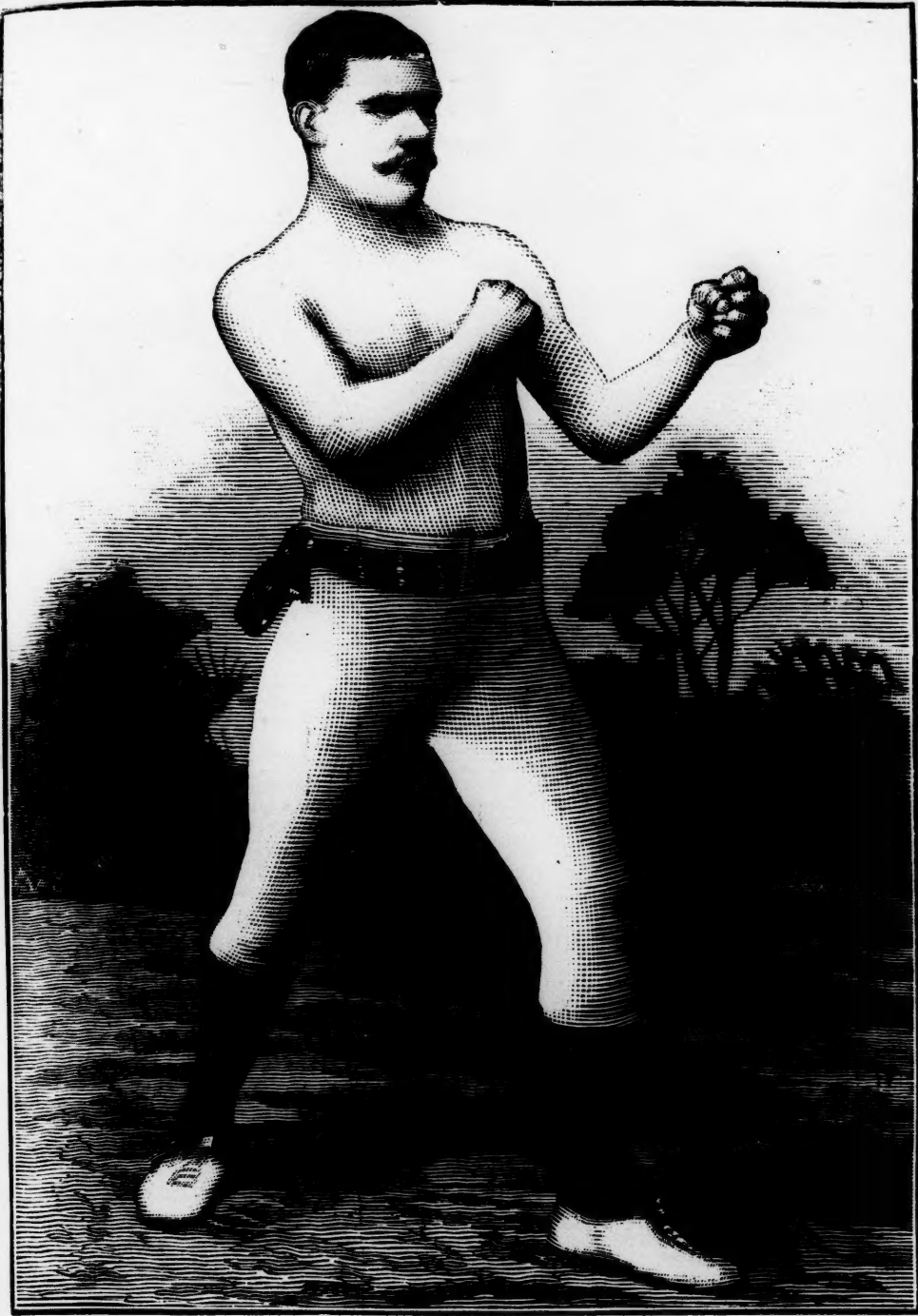
A REAL WILD WOMAN.

THE CAPTURE BY A PARTY OF WOOD-CHOPPERS AT SHANTY HOLLOW, NEAR TANNERSVILLE, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, OF A MYSTERIOUS FEMALE IN A STATE OF PURE UNADULTERATED SAVAGERY.



A FEARFUL DEATH.

GEORGE NEAL, THE HERCULEAN AND COURAGEOUS KEEPER OF THE NEWARK DOG POUND, PERISHES HORRIBLY AND IN UNSPEAKABLE ANGUISH OF A GENUINE ATTACK OF HYDROPHOBIA.



JOHN SMITH,

THE BENDIGO CHAMPION AMATEUR HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF AMERICA.

John Smith.

Smith was born in sound of Bow Bells, London, on April 11, 1864. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height and weighs 170 pounds, and his fighting weight is 164 pounds. Smith claims that his first debut in the orthodox 24-foot ring was at the New York Athletic Club championships, when he entered in the heavy-weight competition for the amateur championship. Smith defeated five of the leading boxers, viz., Arthur

Keefe, Phil Hines, Bob Paterson, Alf Ing and Oliver's Black, the High Bridge Terror, and beat Phil Hines in the final. He also defeated Ned Cummings, hard gloves, for a medal, Feb. 21, 1886, in 5 rounds, 18 minutes. Beat Dan Breen for a medal, at Harlem, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1886, in 3 rounds, lasting 9 minutes. Beat Bob Paterson, private, at Harlem, N. Y., on Feb. 21, 1886, in 1 round, 2 minutes 21 seconds. Beat Oliver's Black, the High Bridge Terror, on March 13, 1886, for \$50, in 2 rounds, 7 minutes.



HARRY BLAYLOCK,

THE WELL-KNOWN JOCKEY WHO WAS GEORGE L. LORILLARD'S PRINCIPAL RIDER LAST SEASON.



EDWARD FEAKES,

THE POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL YOUNG KNIGHT OF THE RACING FIG-SKIN.



GEORGE BARBEE,

THE JOCKEY WHO HAS BEEN FAMOUS IN MANY AN INTERESTING BRUSH AND EXCITING FINISH.



MICHAEL KENNEY,

A JOCKEY WELL KNOWN AS A FIRST-CLASS STEEPLECHASE AND FLAT RIDER.

Harry Blaylock.

This well-known jockey, whose portrait appears in this issue, was George L. Lorillard's principal rider last season.

Michael Kenney.

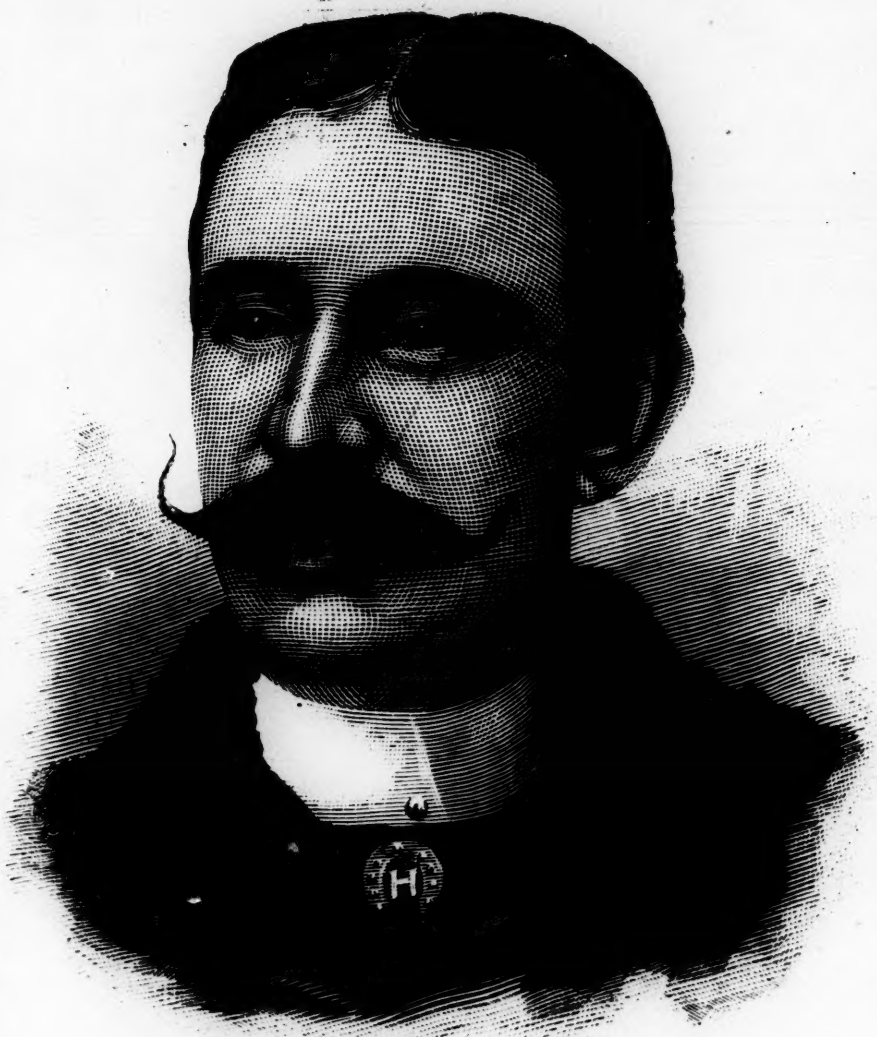
We publish a portrait of Michael Kenney, the well-known jockey, known all over the country as a first-class steeplechase and flat rider.

Edward Feakes.

This well-known jockey is favorably known to all turfmen. He has figured in numerous races, and always rated as an A 1 rider.

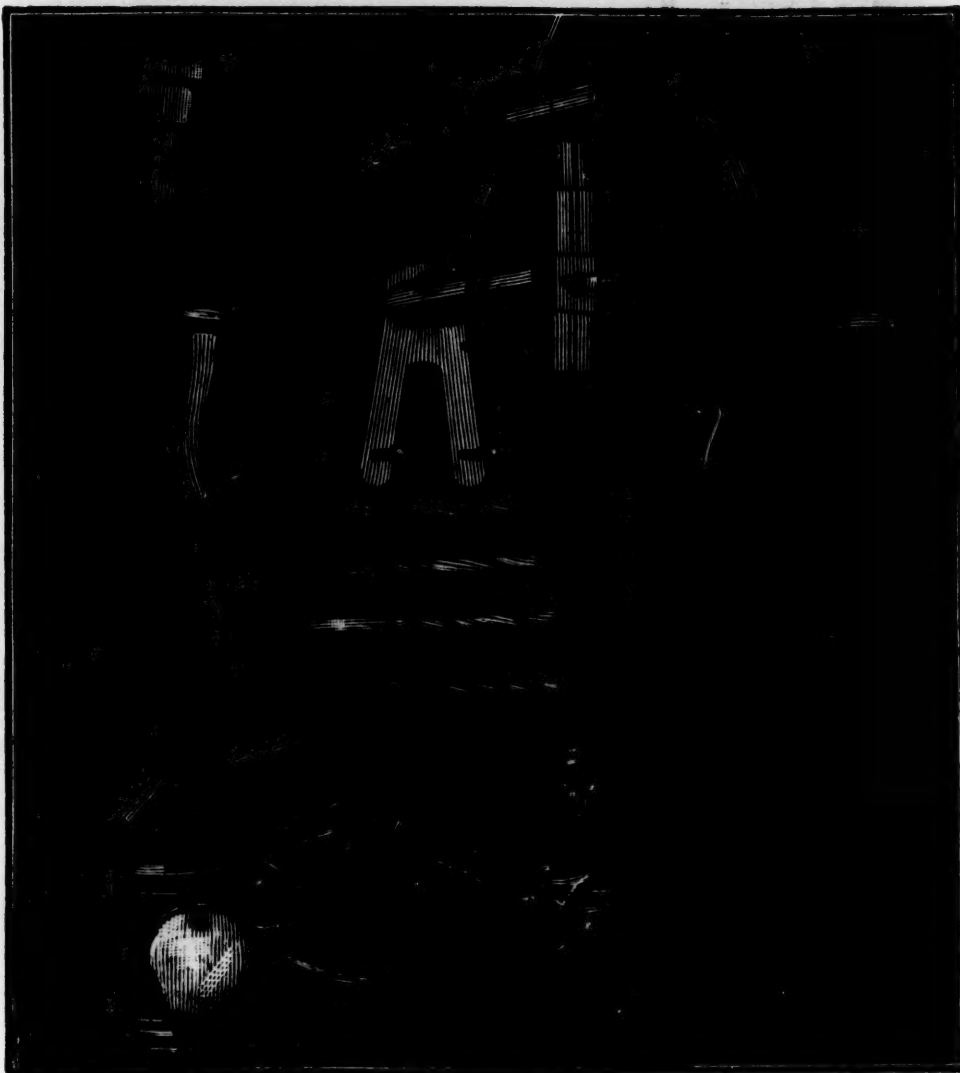
George Barbee.

This noted knight of the pigskin has been famous in many an interesting brush and exciting finish, and he will score many victories before the snow flies.



WM. E. HARDING,

THE WORLD-FAMOUS, JUDICIAL AND UBQUITOUS SPORTING EDITOR OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE."



A FULL KIT.

THE POLICE FORCE OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, MAKE A GOOD HAUL OF BURGLARS' TOOLS.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



Grace Pearce.

The portrait which heads our column this week is that of Grace Pearce, a professional ball player who is widely known throughout the baseball arena. He is a New Yorker by birth, although the greater portion of his life has been spent in other cities throughout the United States. His first experience at baseball playing was while living in Cincinnati, where he first gained a reputation while playing in an amateur club with Buck Ewing, John Reilly, Joe Sommers and other well-known professionals. His first professional engagement was with the Columbus Club, in 1882, when he covered second base in such a creditable style for them that he was engaged by the New York League Club in 1883. He was shifted to the Metropolitans in 1884, the year they won the championship of the American Association. Toward the close of the season he got into a personal dispute with Manager Mutrie, which resulted in his being released. Last season he captained the Binghamton Club, of the New York State League. Pearce is 5 feet 10 1/4 inches in height and weighs 176 pounds. He is a very muscular man, and spends his winters in New Orleans handling cotton.

The loss of Paul Hines will weaken the Boston considerably in batting.

Dundon is pitching with great effect in the Southern League this season.

It has been discovered that old Pete Browning has not forgotten how to bat.

Burdock is kind of stuck on the style in which Tate drives the ball to second base.

The Detroit would like to catch on to Mitchell, but the Atlanta are not on the sell.

The Atlanta have been raising havoc with the Northern professional clubs this season.

The Northwestern League owes its existence entirely to the able hustling of Ted Sullivan.

The Pittsburg Club now see the great mistake they made in encouraging the Barkley suit.

Burdock will endeavor to maintain his old reputation this season as the king of second basemen.

Tommy Cummings made a lucky hit when he caught on to the Troy vacancy in the Eastern League.

For a wonder both Browning and Ramsey have gone back on jig water, and are now keeping straight.

Memphis has a good representative club, only they have been playing in pretty hard luck this spring.

A club not under the National agreement made Barkley a fine offer for the season, but he declined.

The Charleston looked upon the defeat of the Augustas by the Louisville as a crumb of consolation.

Johnny Peters says he is still in the ring, but the indications are that he will have the ring all to himself.

Myers will endeavor to cover second base for the Kansas City Club this season in the latest approved style.

Mitchell, of the Atlanta, has been dubbed the "midget." He weighs just 120 pounds and looks like a wasp.

McKnight was obliged to listen to some pretty plain talk at the Barkley-American Association trial recently in Pittsburg.

Horace Phillips has not yet fully recovered from the shock he sustained over the Waterloo Pittsburgs received at Atlanta.

Bridgeport and Meriden are having something of a scrap over Murphy, as they both claim that they are entitled to his services.

Blondie Purcell deserves great credit for the strong team he has collected to represent Atlanta this season in the Southern League.

After all the chinning that has been done in regard to releasing Cusick, the Philadelphia have taken water and decided to keep him.

The Charleston cranks think that Savannah is the Southern League "pudding." What is the matter with Charleston's being the "custard?"

Unless the Detroit improve on the work they have been doing in the South they will stand a poor chance in the League championship race.

Were it not for the big fat pocketbook of Sibly, the cotton mill's man, Augusta would not be represented in the Southern League this season.

Wise Sam has affixed his signature to a Boston con-

tract, and will cover the territory between second and third bases during the coming season.

Umpire Ben Young will endeavor to introduce his school-teaching discipline into the American Association ranks during the coming season.

Macon will have to stir its stumps pretty lively if it does not want to get distanced in the race for the championship of the Southern League.

Smith, the left-handed twirler, who the Brooklyn clique tried to down last season, is a great favorite in Newark, and is considered a phenomenal pitcher.

Corkhill will stop weighing sugar and coffee up by the penny's worth in his little grocery store, for at least seven months, in order to lend the Cincinnati a helping hand.

The Athletics are pretty well fixed in pitchers and catchers, and the chances are that they will make it rather lively for the other American Association clubs this season.

Kerrins has been showing up in great shape this season, and if he continues in his present form he will prove a valuable man for Louisville during the coming championship campaign.

The greatest piece of lunacy that has ever been heard of in baseball circles is the action of the Detroit directors in appointing a committee on players, who have full power over the manager.

Manager Hart is rapidly becoming a great authority on baseball throughout the Southern cities, as he tells each club the Louisville play with that they have the strongest team in the Southern League.

Sutton does not like the idea of being crowded out of the infield, but he has got too old a head on his shoulders to come the baby act and refuse to play any place where the management see fit to put him.

Projector Jackson will enter upon the baseball season with his Troy aggregation, by playing exhibition games in this vicinity before starting for Troy, which is a pretty good guarantee that the club will not walk to Troy.

Four of the old blacklisted players for jumping to the Union Association—Attkisson, Weaver, Bradley and Shafer—will be among the shining lights of the Athletic Club of the American Association during the coming season.

Horace Phillips rather had the conceit taken out of him when the Atlanta, of the Southern League, jumped on his crack Pittsburg Club to the tune of 17 to 9. He has an idea now that his club is not the only club that knows how to play ball.

The Cincinnati Club has struck a brilliant idea. They have given up all hope of ever winning another championship pennant, so they have concluded to clean up their old pennant they won in 1883, and fly it "for luck" during the coming season.

The time is now at hand when the over-rated material will begin to take a downward course, and the utterly worthless stuff will be weeded out of the ranks of the clubs which have the slightest aspiration to get higher in the race than the tail end.

Mr. Baker actually condescends to admit his wrong doings, and has the audacity to request that the baseball men and the papers give him a rest and a chance to reinstate himself in the public favor. There is nothing like gall, and Baker has no end of it.

The "Constitution" says that "Cline is bow-legged, but his tongue appears to be straight." It is a requirement at Atlanta that all players shall have extra long tongues, and have them hung in the middle, so as to wag both ways at once.—Savannah News.

Among the many blunders in the American Association championship schedule is one that has the Pittsburgs playing in Louisville June 27 and with the Athletics at Pittsburg June 28. How they are going to accomplish this feat is a dandy problem for Caylor to solve.

Manager Phillips will have his hands full in trying to keep peace and harmony in the Pittsburg Club during the coming season. He says he will sit on the California clique if it shows its hand, but the probabilities are that he will get pretty badly blistered if he carries his scheme into effect.

Harry Wright says that it is a trifle too much for him to expect to win the championship with the Philadelphia Club this season, and that he will be satisfied with third place. In our judgment, he will be a lucky man if he succeeds in securing fifth place when the season terminates.

Caylor thought nothing of giving the Metropolitans thirty conflicting dates with the New York Club, but he squealed like a pig because he was scheduled to play in St. Louis the same day the Detroit Club was playing in that city, and he had the schedule changed so he plays in St. Louis May 16 instead of April 30.

The New York Fire Department have some rattling good ball players in their ranks, and they can turn out a nine that will make many of your big crack professional clubs feel kind of tired. The majority of the fire laddies are old and well-known professional players who have from time to time retired from the arena.

That wild Philadelphia baseball Bohemian has "got 'em" again. His latest effusion is to the effect that the Pittsburg Club has soured on the American Association in consequence of the Barkley matter, and that it is to exchange places with the Washington League Club, and further that each club is to retain all the players now under contract to it.—Boston Herald.

There will be a row in the Detroit Club before long if the present power invested in the Committee on Players is not revoked. The management has been interfered with on several important occasions, and even President Marsh has been badly "sat on" by the directors. If some radical change is not made soon the entire discipline of the club will be destroyed.

Savannah says that were they impregnated with the modesty that characterizes the Atlanta Club, they would say that they will win the Southern League pennant by a large majority, but as they lay no claims to such modesty they simply state that they are paying the highest salaries, and that they have the most able manager, and beans will always speak for themselves.

Tommy Esterbrook is in prime condition this spring, and the New Yorks have decided to give him another go at third base. Tommy has settled down to business this season, and no matter how many ladies are in the grand stand he is not going to allow them to break him up. He has made up his mind only to take one peep before the game commences and another just as

it closes. He will play ball as he never played it before, and if he don't make the visiting clubs hunt shoe leather it will be on account of there being a hole in the bat.

A wall went up from Louisville that it was the "umpire" when the Louisville were beaten by the Atlanta. It was ridiculously childish, and the very member of the Louisville aggregation who did the greatest kicking was selected by the Atlanta people to umpire the second game, to the utter astonishment of the Louisville aggregation. Strange as it may seem, the Louisville were beaten worse on this occasion than they were in the first game. We are still waiting for the excuse from Louisville. Probably they lay the second game to the "cat."

When Denny McKnight received a letter from President pro tem Byrne inclosing a resolution adopted by the Association at the Cincinnati meeting ordering him to turn over all books and papers in his possession owned by the association to President Byrne, he laughed heartily and remarked: "Oh, yes, I'll do it." After several knowing winks he continued speaking without the slightest interruption: "Those books shall not leave my office until they are audited, and my salary goes on until that action is taken. Instead of having \$500 in my possession, as alleged, I will, after paying office rent and other expenditures, have but 92 cents left. The association now owes me \$100 salary. When they audit my books and pay me my salary we will call everything square, but not until then."

OFFICE OF THE IMPORTING COMPANY,
OSWEGO, N. Y., March 30, 1894.
P. O. Box 1294.

Manager Advertising Department:
DEAR SIR—As an illustration of the value of an advertisement in a paper of almost unlimited circulation, we send you a few vouchers in the shape of envelopes, to our address, in answer to our advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE. We regret we cannot send you all, as we have given many away to stamp collectors. What we send you are from South Africa, Denmark, British Guiana, New Zealand, Queensland, Java, Chili, Panama, Mexico, St. Thomas, Barbadoes, Honolulu (Hawaii), England, Wales, and all the British Provinces, New Foundland, Nova Scotia, etc. Nearly every mail brings us foreign orders.
Very truly yours,
THE IMPORTING CO.

The "Advertiser Reporter," issued by the Publishers' Commercial Union, of Janesville, Wis., is a work that should be found in the advertising department of every newspaper on this continent.

TO ADVERTISERS.
Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their orders do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscux, 833 Broadway, N. Y.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.
Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler.
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.
New York Tombs; Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.
Spangled World; or, Life in a Circus. The romances and realities of the tambores circle.
Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.
Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.
James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.
Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.
Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors.
Mysteries of Mormonism: A Full Expose of Its Hidden Crimes.
Bandits of the West. A Thrilling Record of Male and Female Desperadoes.
Great Crimes and Criminals of America. With 24 superb illustrations.
Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective.
Heaven Chinee. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the sufferings of California.
Guileau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.
Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guileau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.
Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.
Esposito. Lives of Brigands in Europe and America. The monarchs of the mountains.
Fast Men of America; or, Racing with Time from the Cradle to the Grave.
Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.
Hus Money; or, Murder in the Air. A romance of Metropolitan real life.
Faro Exposed. A Complete Expose of the Great American Game.
Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.
Mabille Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World.
Gotham by Gaslight; or, After Dark in Palace and Hovel.
Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder.
Boycotting. Avenge Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles.
Crooked Life in New York. Sketches of Criminal Life in New York.
"Police Gazette" Annual. A book of Wit, Humor and Sensation.
Female Sharpers. Their Haunts and Habits, Their Wiles and Vices.
Suicide's Crooks. The Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.
Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.
Murdered by Lust; or, How Jennie Cramer Lost Her Life.

SPORTING BOOKS.
The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.
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History of the Prize Ring, with Lives of Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan.
Life of Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England.
John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman.
John C. Heenan, with all his Battles.
Turk Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England.
Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman.
Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.
Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 200 "
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.
The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/4 inches each, and 2 1/4 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.
No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.
During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Yourself. Just published (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

WANTS.

Wanted—Partner, \$150 (no experience required); travel as treasurer of established theatrical company, by attractive star actress. Address Miss MONTAGUE, 311 East Fifty-second St., New York city.

LAWYERS.

Divorces.—A. Goodrich, Attorney at Law, 124 Dearborn St., Chicago. Advice free; 18 years experience. Business quickly and legally transacted.

Legal Advice free. Send stamp for divorce law of Ill. C. & S., 166 Randolph st., Chicago.

SPORTING GOODS.

Gamblers & Gambling.
Their Tricks and Devices exposed. Send for my mammoth circular. Sent FREE. Address: WM. SUTMAN, 64 Nassau St., New York City.

Playing Cards marked by a new shading process; easy to read and hard to detect; sample pack by mail, with key for least 50 cents. Address H. L. MUNSON, Bridgewater, Mass.

Poker!—If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Helmer. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. Brown & Co., Salem, N. H.

TOILET ARTICLES.

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR. Form instant Mustache, Whiskers, Hair on bald heads in 20 to 30 days. Extra Strength, Quick, Safe, Sure. No other remedy. For 2 1/2 Pigs, from the West. Will grow in or forfeit \$100.00. Price per Pig, with directions mailed and post-paid 25 cts. 3 for 75 cts. Sample or address Smith Mfg. Co., Palestine, Ill.

Boys! Heavy mustache in 20 days. Guaranteed. Soc. MAUD DEMEREST, 103 Adams St., Chicago.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

I want the address of every guitar player and banjo player in the U. S., to whom I will send free of charge a 16-page journal containing valuable information and several pages of music. Address: S. S. STEWART, No. 412 North 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PERSONAL.



WANTED, AT BUFFALO GAP, D. T.
BILLY JOHNSTON, alias THE KID.
Wife Deserter. Sneak Thief and Dead Beat. Skipped to Canada last October. A. C. BOLAND, Deputy U. S. Marshal of Dakota, Rapid City, D. T.

DRY GOODS.

Ladies' Chemises,

Skirts, Drawers, Gowns, &c., also Wrappers trimmed with Laces and Embroideries, in newest styles and finest qualities at low prices. Send for Spring and Summer Illustrated Catalogue, now ready (free). Mahler Bros., 503 Sixth Avenue, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

"Kansas Detective Bureau," Wichita, Kan. Want members everywhere. Particulars & stamps.



A VIRTUOUS SPASM.

IT OVERTAKES THE GOOD OLD DROWSY QUAKER CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, AND RESULTS IN AN INCONSEQUENTIAL RAID UPON THE DANCE HOUSES AND CONCERT HALLS OF THAT RIP VAN WINKLE MUNICIPALITY.